

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20, 1844.

[SIXPENCE.]

ENGLISH AND IRISH POOR LAWS.

AS the session approaches—as men begin to fix their contemplation upon the hope that Parliament will do something for the country, and that ministers will gird up their loins for action, and be prepared with some new enterprises for the general welfare—some projects for the true happiness of the people—some hope to which the land may cling—there is a question of speculation asked by the enquiring, the answer to which must have an influence over all policy, and be a matter of absorbing interest to all English hearts. This question is, “Will Government revise the Poor Laws?”—will they seek to mitigate the fearful atrocity of modern legislation, and bring back to the days of Victoria the fair and charitable, and lovely spirit, of that holy feeling which hallowed the reign of Elizabeth, and provided against the misery of destitution all throughout her realms? Are Ministers really blind? Is there no reason that will convince—no statement that will confound them over this great question of domestic legislation? Is such a Poor Law as we now have—bantling as it was, not of their own, but of another class and order of politicians—a foster-child which they will adopt and nurse out of the pure and wretched obstinacy of a political infatuation? Do they love their monster cruelty, and make it the ugly pet of their approval—caring for it in proportion to the hatred it engenders—and cherishing it for the wrong it achieves? Have they bound themselves apprentice to its principles, and will no amount of sorrow to be redressed, or popularity to be gained, induce them to cancel the indentures? What is there so fascinating in the gaunt, grim bugbear, that they should so hug it to their Ministerial souls? Are they ravished with transport at the domestic anguish which separates families from their natural home intercourse, and wards them with a prisoner shelter within those pretty Elizabethan buildings which assume the architecture of her period, but are a scorn and sneer upon the law which taught us to love Elizabeth's reign, and transmitted her greatness to posterity more than poetry or wisdom, or successful war? Elizabeth's

Poor Law made her name blessed among her people. What Bacon sanctioned with his mighty learning, and all his contemporary statesmen applauded and sustained, planted a tree of charity within these dominions, lustrous with the light of virtue, and bearing fruit branches of brotherhood and love. The poor were finely cared for! Abuses crept down upon the first bright benevolence, and rusted the earlier blade of that immortal weapon; but the sword still kept a brightness within it, and modern improvements might have easily polished the steel!

But no! A system of political economy the most cursed in its spirit and operation—of philosophy the most foul, heartless, and hollow, set itself to work to overturn the spirit of the ancient law—and destroying that fair beauty which was before only corrupted and not consumed, erected that code which is now ruining the happiness and morals of the people, and those architectural sarcasms which—mocking their memory of a bygone benevolence—are become the prisons of their poverty, and the punishment-places of their distress.

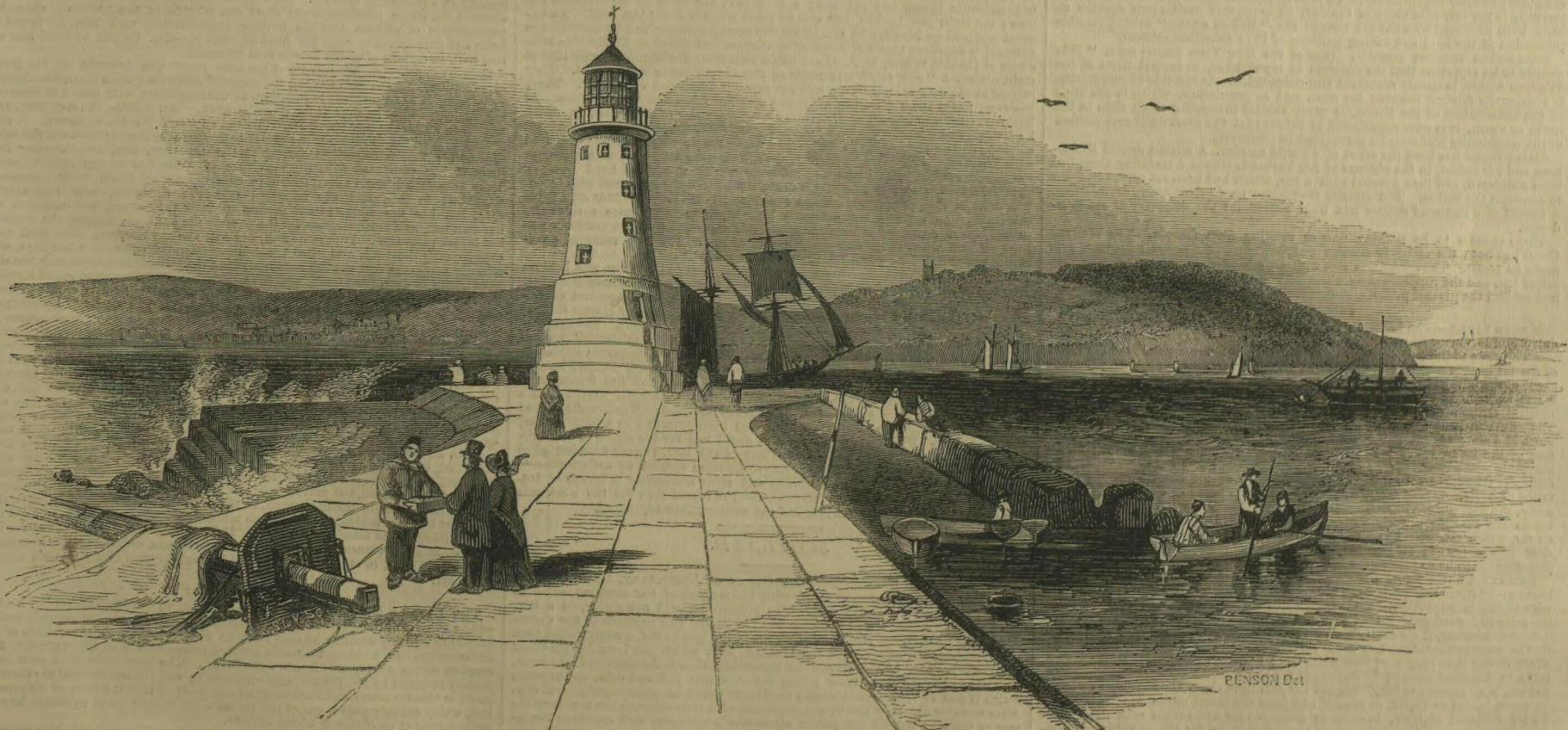
Both in England and Ireland the New Poor-Laws have done more to distress the community than any other of the social mischiefs which attend the rapid progress of art and science—and corrupt too sadly while civilising too fast. The New Poor-Law in England was a cruelty, and in Ireland a crime! It was and is essentially degrading in all its features. It refuses to assist poverty without disgracing it. It says to patient and pining industry, “Come into the workhouse or you shall have no aid—break stones or you shall break no bread!” It banishes in principle from the breasts of the rich all sympathy with the domestic affections of the poor. It says in plain terms—“poor men, we will help you, but you must leave father and mother, wife and child, if you take our iron-hearted pittance—our State-charity that does not feel.” It is a bad, bitter, brutalizing law. The mother execrates it—the wife regards it with horror—the child rushes for its assistance with a young but sickening disgust. It has throughout all its operation tainted the loyalty of the poor—tended towards democracy and discontent—engendered dissatisfaction and distrust, and been the means in hundreds of cases of despair and death. It is instinct

with the very passion of cruelty, and refines the torture which Christianity most abhors. And all this is known. Men cannot be ignorant of it—Ministers know it well—it is the daily truth that forces itself upon our Magistrates, and fills the columns of our newspapers with tales of grief. Nothing has been more creditable to journalism than its opposition to this monstrous Act. The fire and eloquence, power and persuasion of the *Times*—the liberal spirit of the *Sun*—the hardy strength of the *Standard*—the humane tenderness of the *Herald*, and the consistent energy of the *Post*, have all been directed against it with sincerity, plain as pure. The most able and honest, and vigorous of the weekly journals have opposed, and only a few cold organs of its wicked economy have endued its life with praise. All the homely family of social English despise it—all the warm and fruitful generosity of Ireland recoils from it—revolts at it with mingled rage, hatred, and disdain.

It has nothing to keep it fair in men's sight—to make it reconcilable to men's scruples—it is all bad—bitter bad—bad hopelessly—bad to the core!

This being haplessly undeniable, why do Ministers maintain the grievance as a law? In England it entails misery every where—in Ireland it is like one of the most painful imposts of war. The collection of its mere tax is an absurdity—a difficulty, and a dread!—Government must know and feel its unpopularity, and how popular it would be possible to become by abrogating or revising it—by giving it modification, if not annihilation complete.

Then why not set Parliament to this fruitful task of popularity—why not open the session by declaring an intention to take the sting out of this dreadful law? In such a manifesto England would rejoice and much indeed would Ireland be conciliated by it. Nothing could tend more to relieve for Sir Robert Peel the difficulties of his English Corn-law and his Irish State Prosecutions than his addressing himself to the banishment of this one enactment of cruelty from English and Irish hearts and hearths. Expunge the Poor-laws, and forbid the model prisons, and see what hold a Minister would get over the affections of the poor, and over the sympathies of the best and most virtuous among all other classes of the people.



NEW LIGHTHOUSE, PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

NEW LIGHTHOUSE, PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.
Although the efficiency of the Breakwater, as a protection to the

harbour of Plymouth, has been proved in several severe gales which have occurred since its commencement, until recently, there re-

mained to be provided a protection against a danger produced by the Breakwater itself. This by the constant accumulation of

sand and other diluvium upon each side of the vast dyke, to such an extent as to render the placing of a light upon the western end of this stupendous barrier, a measure of safety for vessels at sea.

The lighthouse tower is now completed, and is a masterly piece of masonry; it is 122 feet in height from the level of the bottom of the sea, and 56 feet from the level surface of the Breakwater. It is constructed of 31 courses of large blocks of dressed granite, the first of which was laid on the 22nd of February, 1841. The lighthouse is divided into four stories, in which are an oil-room, a store-room, a dwelling-room, a bed-room, and a watch-room. It has 14 windows, 7 of which are in the watch-room; the frames being of bell-metal, as are also the outer doors. The lantern will be placed upon the crown very shortly; and the lights will be clustered, and revolving. The construction is altogether highly creditable to the masons of the Royal dockyard.

In times of old a tow'r of light
In Pharo's island, beaming bright,
"For benefit of Sailors" rose
And prov'd, as faithful History shews,
To be a warning unto all
That 'neath its mercy-glance could fall!
This tow'r was one of that great seven
Call'd WONDERS underneath high Heaven!
We've fallen now on brighter days
We care not what Sostreus says
About his building of this column—
Nor wish we more to write a volume
About the ancients' happy knack
Of throwing moderns quite aback
And proving that their own desert
Is far beyond what we assert!
We only with respect can say
"Our Masters liv'd in other day!"

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SPAIN.—We have received the Madrid journals of the 10th, and our private correspondence of that date. Our correspondent says—"The Exaltado party continues to gain ground in the electoral colleges, and there appears little doubt but that the elections will terminate favourably to that party."

Senores Donoso Cortes and Ros de Olano, who had been sent on a special mission to Christina, had an audience of Queen Isabella on the night of the 8th, but nothing has been allowed to transpire as to the nature of the report which those deputies made to her Majesty.

The Government, it is said, has in contemplation the establishment of a police force in the capital, in order that the regular troops may be dispensed from that duty. This measure is looked upon as the forerunner of an attempt to create a secret police for political ends, and which would encroach on the liberty of the subject.

The accounts from Galicia are far from satisfactory, and the *Heraldo* announces that an invasion from Irriarte may be shortly expected. From Grenada, we learn that Brigadier Moreno has been arrested. He is accused of being an emissary from the Opposition party, in order to promote a *pronunciamento*. The officers of the provincial regiment not having been confirmed in their respective grades, are known to be opposed to the present Government, and fears are entertained of an outbreak, cries having been already uttered of "Long live Isabella, if she be constitutional."

The Senator and Deputies for Malaga have issued a proclamation condemning the law of the Ayuntamientos, and urging their constituents not to pay any contributions until it is repealed.

According to intelligence which has reached the French Government by telegraph, though it is not published in the *Messager*, we learn that the fort of Figueras is in the power of the Queen's forces. On the morning of the 11th the capitulation, ratified by the Government, was signed definitively by the capital, General Sanz and Brigadier Atmeller. On the 12th the fort was occupied by the Queen's troops. Most of Atmeller's officers have taken passports from France.

FRANCE.

The debate on the address in the Chamber of Deputies was continued on Tuesday. M. Berryer's speech was regarded as a great failure. For several days all political circles were filled with announcements of the vigorous attack which the Carlist orator was to make on the members of the Cabinet. He was said to be preparing a speech of the most formidable nature. He even refused to defend the *Quotidienne*, lest his *training* should be interfered with. The disappoiment was consequently proportioned to the expectations he had raised; and as there is no other man of celebrity to take his place, the royalist cause may be said to be lost in the Chambers. "In short," says a contemporary, "M. Berryer was humbled to the dust, and with him the Duke of Bordeaux's pretensions."

Private letters say that Queen Christina has given orders to her household at Paris to prepare for immediate departure for Madrid.

AMERICA.

The Hibernia, Captain Judkins, which has performed some extraordinary quick passages across the Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool on Saturday at one o'clock, having, with fifty-six passengers, left Boston on the afternoon of the 1st, and Halifax at noon on the 3rd instant, thus making the run from the latter place in ten, and from the former in twelve days, including the stoppage to take in the mails, which, considering the season of the year, is one of the most successful trips on record. Her dates are nine days later than those brought by the Liverpool.

Congress dragged its slow length along. Nothing of interest has occurred in either House, if we except a furious onslaught which the southern members, headed by Mr. Wise, had made upon Mr. John Quincy Adams, for contending that Congress was bound to receive the petitions of the people against slavery, in accordance with the spirit of the American declaration of independence. Previous exhibitions of the same kind were marked by great bitterness of feeling against the abolitionists.

The annexation of Texas is discussed in the papers, but the project, which is by no means popular in the north, seems to excite but little enthusiasm, or even warmth of feeling in the south, although more particularly interested in the measure. But, however this favourite project of the retiring President may have fallen still-born upon the people, it is clear that the feelings of the same authority with regard to the Oregon territory, have excited more attention, and are more zealously responded to. To take immediate possession of the disputed territory is the favourite topic of the day. The present excitement appears to have been produced by what are termed the "British agents" taking forcible possession of the land and selling portions of it to American settlers.

Repudiation becomes popular. One of the New York papers says, "It is greatly to be regretted that the doctrine of repudiation, in several parts of the Western States, is openly sustained and defended." As the tide of emigration is continually flowing towards the west, and as population, which is the basis of the constitution of the Union, is more rapidly increasing there than in the north or south, it is poor consolation to reflect that the most dishonest portion of the community will soon be paramount in Congress.

Staten Island has been the scene of a horrid murder. A woman named Houseman and her infant, in the absence of her husband, who is a seafaring man, had been murdered, and then covered with a rag, which had been set on fire in order to consume the bodies. The atrocity took place on Christmas-eve or morning. A reward of a thousand dollars had been offered for the discovery of the murderers.

There appears to be nothing new or exciting from Canada. The Welland Canal had been the scene of another riot, produced by a police officer going to make an arrest. The officer was met with an armed resistance, the troops were called out, and the ringleaders were arrested. Many of the labourers, it is added, had refused the present prices, and destitution had made them desperate.

SOUTH AMERICA.

MONTEVIDEO.—The following is an extract of a letter, received January 15th, dated Monte Video, November 4th.

"The state of things here remains as when we last wrote you. On the night of the 1st instant a body, amounting to 3000 men, left the city; all were in ignorance of the purpose of the movement at the time, but on the morning of the 2d it was announced they had entered the Budes (a small inlet in possession of General Oribe), destroying property there to the amount of 400,000 dollars. The Custom-house, containing goods in bond, and about 30,000 dozen hides in a store adjoining, was set fire to and totally consumed, with the exception of the hides, which will have received considerable damage—in fact, no moveable property whatever was left, the destruction being most complete. This sally was performed with the loss of only twenty men and one officer—the latter taken prisoner. One of Oribe's officers having also fallen into the hands of this party, the government offered an exchange, which was replied to by the besiegers in the customary manner—by their sending in the head of the officer minus an ear, which the writer saw yesterday. Notwithstanding such tiger-like conduct of the friends of the British minister, Mandeville, the Buenos Ayres prisoners continue to receive the best of treatment."

BOMBAY TRADE WITH CHINA.—A private letter from Bombay has the following:—"Since the settlement of the Tariff by Sir Henry Pottinger, the trade with China is improving. Who would have anticipated, a few months back, the calm and good feeling that now prevails between the Chinese and English? I doubt, however, if we shall be able to get tea, sugar, candy, &c., any cheaper by the arrangement that has been entered into; these articles are at present much dearer than they were before the war; I allude to Bombay. How the good folks in England manage to dispose of tea at the prices published in the newspapers, is an enigma to me. We have at this time three American vessels in the harbour, bound to China, to convey and form the escort of the American Envoy to His Celestial Majesty, in order to negotiate for a free trade with the United States; but I am told that the treaty entered into by Sir Henry Pottinger comprehends 'all European Powers' placing them on an equal footing, as regards trade. Such being the case, it was whispered to the worthy Ambassador, that the High Commissioner would not, probably, condescend to receive him, which seemed to raise his choler. The opium trade is as flourishing as ever; the prices given for the drug are enormous; ships leave this for our new settlement, Hong Kong, laden with nothing else; it is, therefore, very clear that our government winks at, if not countenances, the trade. Sir Henry Pottinger has, indeed, declared that if any opium should be seized on the coast of the Chinese, he will not interfere, nor will her Majesty's Government be answerable for the value of any opium so seized—thus leaving it entirely to the parties to traffic in any extent they please."

COUNTRY NEWS.

BARNESLEY.—A HINT.—An extensive seizure of butter was made last Saturday in Barnsley market, by the agents of the lord of the manor, who, on going through the market to try the weights of the butter exposed for sale, found upwards of seventy pounds short weight, which was accordingly seized, and has since been given to the poor. It is right to observe that all the defaulters, with one exception, were hucksters, who buy the butter of farmers, and, after reducing the weight, sell it to the poor on Saturday night.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—Early in the evening of Monday, a fire broke out upon the farm of Mr. Risley, of Great Barford, Bedfordshire, and a great quantity of the produce of his farm was consumed. A servant girl, through spite, set fire to some premises in this village a few days ago, and some miscreant has too readily followed her example. About four years ago Mr. Risley had nearly the whole of his farm buildings and stock burnt by an incendiary fire.

BEDFORD.—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Early on Wednesday morning an alarm of fire was given at the George Hotel, which, at one period, threatened destruction to the whole fabric. It was discovered by the postilion, who went down stairs to see what o'clock it was. He was surprised to find the bar in flames, and awoke the inmates. After considerable exertion, the flames were extinguished, just before they broke through the staircase. Captain Polhill, M.P., was sleeping in the room above the bar, and, upon hearing the alarm, got out of the window, and slipped down, but, unfortunately, sprained his foot seriously.

DERBY.—CONSECRATION OF CHRIST CHURCH.—On Tuesday last this imposing ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and derived an additional interest from the fact, that this is the first time the Right Rev. Prelate (Dr. Lonsdale) has assisted at the solemn dedication of a building to the service of Almighty God, since his promotion to the Episcopal chair. Upwards of fifty clergymen were present, besides a large number of the laity. The service appointed for the occasion having been said, the Bishop ascended the pulpit, and preached an excellent sermon from the 11th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th verses. The collection amounted to £49 13s. 4d.; in the evening a sermon was preached by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Derby. The Rev. Rosegrave Macklin is the incumbent.

IPSWICH.—ALARMING FIRE.—Last week the inhabitants of Ipswich were aroused from their slumber by loud and continued cries of "Fire!" and most urgent appeals for help. Bells and knockers were suddenly and violently sounded to give the alarm, while a lurid flame lit up the atmosphere and plainly added weight to the cry—"The White Hart is in flames!" On proceeding to the spot, it was found that a range of stabling, running parallel with the back of the dwelling-house, and nearly eighty feet in length, was rapidly being consumed by the fiery element. Contiguous to the north end of the stabling are Mr. Ray's extensive premises, built in this place of slight lath and plaster. These were soon burnt through in several places; at the south end the stabling joined Mr. Hooker's (chemist) warehouse, containing large quantities of inflammable materials; Mr. Smith's premises and others closely surrounded the burning mass. Providentially there was scarcely any wind at the time, and after about two hours' persevering exertion all fear of further calamity was removed. Mr. Boby, landlord of the White Hart, is fully insured. The building destroyed was the property of J. Cobbold, Esq.

LIVERPOOL.—MR. COMMISSIONER SKIRROW.—It is currently rumoured that, with the view of putting an end to the unseemly quarrels which for some time past have been going on between Commissioners Skirrow and Phillips, in the Liverpool Bankruptcy Court, and which has been attended with so much inconvenience as well as annoyance to their subordinates, the Lord Chancellor has signified his intention of removing Mr. Commissioner Skirrow to the Manchester Court of Bankruptcy, and of appointing Mr. Commissioner Jemmett, of Manchester, to Mr. Skirrow's place.

STAFFORD.—EXECUTION.—At eight o'clock on Saturday morning Sarah Westwood, aged 45, convicted at the late special assizes for the murder of her husband, in the month of November last, at Burntwood, by administering arsenic in some gruel, was executed in front of the county gaol, in the presence of an immense number of persons. She declared her innocence to the last.

SOUTH WALES.—We find that Shoni Scyborfawr and Daifry Cantwr, the persons who, at the late winter assizes, were convicted for Rebecca riots, and were severally sentenced—the former to transportation for life, and the other for twenty years—have made confessions to William Chambers, Esq., jun., of Lilanelly. Shoni confessed to him that he was present at the burning of Mr. Chambers' two farms, namely Mansant and Tynwern. He also mentioned several mighty meetings which he had attended, where measures were taken to avoid the military, who at that time patrolled the country. He admitted that he was one of a party who pulled down a dozen gates, which he named, and the several nights on which they were demolished. He further gave the names of several farmers who were present with him in his destructive acts. It appeared from his statement that he and his wicked companions were to be paid a certain sum a day for breaking down gates, and other misdeeds, and that he and many others were paid five shillings each for setting fire to Mansant, from a publican, who acted as treasurer. He further states that the old woman at Hendy Gate was shot by a boy unintentionally—in fact, purely accidental. Daifry Cantwr states that he was present with Shoni in many of his midnight misdeeds, and was present when the farms of Mansant and Tynwern were set fire to, and that he saw Mr. Chambers' horse shot. He has mentioned the names of several persons who assisted him and Shoni in the committal of outrages upon property which have disgraced Carmarthen and the adjoining counties. He further states that the proposition to shoot Mr. Chambers was not the wish of any one person in particular, but that it was the opinion of the people generally that the younger Mr. Chambers ought to be shot.

WHITEHAVEN.—AWFUL COAL-PIT EXPLOSION.—SIXTEEN LIVES LOST.—Accounts from Whitehaven announce a terrible coal-pit explosion, accompanied by fearful loss of human life, which occurred in the vicinity of that town on Thursday week, between four and five in the afternoon. It took place at Duke's Pit, and was the result of the explosion of fire damp in the lower gallery of the pit, where there were no less than sixteen miners at work and eleven horses. Most of the men were married, and have left large families to lament the catastrophe. Up to ten on Friday morning only eight bodies had been recovered.

IRELAND.

BARRABUS MURDER AND ROBBERY NEAR DUBLIN.—On Sunday night last a murder of a peculiarly horrifying character was perpetrated at the chapel house of Rathfarnham, which is within a few hundred yards of the village of that name, and within less than half a mile of the place the Italian boy was murdered about three years ago. The victim in this instance was the old and faithful servant of the parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Roche. The appearance of the body was truly frightful—the throat was cut from ear to ear; the bone of the forehead left bare; the right jaw broken, and several other wounds about the head. An inquest was held on Monday by Mr. Davis, the county coroner, and by the evidence adduced it appeared that the reverend gentleman had dined at Kilkeel, the residence of Colonel White, M.P., about half a mile from Rathfarnham, and that at eight o'clock a "sick call" was made at the chapel house by two men. They rapped at the door several times, and not gaining admission went away. They, however, heard some glass breaking, and saw light through the windows. At half-past eight the nephew of Mr. Roche returned home to the house, in which he resides, and the door not being opened when he knocked, he got in by a back window, and on proceeding to the kitchen found the poor old creature lying dead with her throat cut, and wounded as described. He found an iron stake, or "tether," covered with blood, the instrument with which the head and jaw were fractured, and also one of his uncle's dinner knives covered with blood. The desk in the parlour was broken open, and between £20 and £30 taken therefrom. An attempt had evidently been made to break open a sideboard drawer, which contained other money, and it is supposed that the murderer was engaged in it when the "sick call" disturbed him. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—The weekly meeting of the association was held on Monday in the Conciliation Hall. The meeting was very numerously attended. At two o'clock Mr. Maurice O'Connell entered, accompanied by several gentlemen. On the motion of the learned gentleman, Town Councillor Martin Honan, ex-Mayor of Limerick, was called to the chair amid loud cheers. Several gentlemen having addressed the meeting, about four o'clock Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by John O'Connell, entered, greeted by the most rapturous applause.

Thomas F. Meagher, eldest son of the Mayor of Waterford, handed in £23 from that city. (Cheers.) He also handed in 65 dollars and five francs from Placentia, in Newfoundland. (Hear, hear.)—Mr. O'Connell moved that a vote of thanks be given to their friends in Newfoundland. Newfoundland had suffered greatly from its Government. It had been governed by a naval officer, who knew little of political economy, and cared less for the rights of the subject. (Hear, hear.) Through the exertions of the Rev. Doctor Fleming good Government was once more restored there.—Motion carried by acclamation.—Mr. Maurice O'Connell read an address and some resolutions in favour of Ireland, voted by the Cincinnati Repealers.—The repeal rent for the week was announced as amounting to £904, and the meeting then adjourned.

SCOTLAND.

TRIAL OF MRS. GILMOUR.—HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIA, EDINBURGH.—The trial of Mrs. Gilmour, charged with the murder of her husband, came on before this Court on Friday last. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, in a low, but firm, tone of voice, and the case went to trial. The evidence of the Crown having been concluded, and the declaration of the panel read, a consultation took place between the Judges and the Counsel, after which the Lord Justice Clerk addressed the jury, and intimated that in consideration of the lateness of the hour, and the impossibility of their giving the case full and calm deliberation which it was so desirable it should receive, it would be adjourned till next day. After warning the jury not to communicate with each other on the merits of the case as brought out by the public prosecutor's evidence, and renewing the injunction against the publication of the report of the trial as far as it proceeded "in any newspaper, or anywhere," the jury were handed over to the custody of the macers, and afterwards conveyed to Macqueen's hotel, with injunctions to appear again next morning at nine o'clock, when the trial would proceed. The Court adjourned about seven o'clock, p.m. Mrs. Gilmour was dressed in deep mourning, and when she took her place in the dock, her face was entirely covered from the general view of the spectators, by a large thick crêpe veil, which she partially raised when seated at the bar. The trial was continued on Saturday. The Jury, after an absence of about an hour, returned with the following verdict:—The Jury, after a careful and mature consideration of the evidence brought before them in this case, are unanimously of opinion that John Gilmour died from the effects of arsenic; but find it not proven against the prisoner at the bar, as libelled. This announcement was followed by decided expressions of approval by those in Court, which were rebuked by the Lord Justice Clerk. The prisoner was then dismissed from the bar.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

BAIL COURT.—(Before Mr. Justice Williams and a Common Jury.)

LEWIS V. PRINROSE.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff, who is an attorney, to recover the sum of £72 8s. 4d., for business done. The amount was not denied, but the defendant contended that a bill of costs properly signed had not been delivered a month previously to the commencement of the action, and that was the issue which the jury were called upon to try. Mr. Hoggins, who appeared for the plaintiff, having called witnesses in support of the case, Mr. Platt (with whom was Mr. Lush) submitted that the bill which had been delivered was not made out in conformity with the directions of the statute, inasmuch as one part of it contained no heading showing the nature of the business done, and the remainder, although it stated the names of the action, did not mention the courts in which the proceedings had taken place. Mr. Justice Williams said he should not stop the case on that ground, but if Mr. Platt thought he could make anything of the point, he would have the opportunity of doing so elsewhere. The jury then pronounced in favour of the plaintiff for the amount claimed.

In the course of the day a considerable number of undefended causes were disposed of.

PLANCHÉ V. HOOPER.

This was an action brought to recover damages against the defendant who is the proprietor of a theatre at Bath, for representing a piece called "The White Cat," of which the plaintiff was the author, without his permission, and in opposition to the statute. Mr. Platt, Queen's Counsel, and Mr. Charnock, appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Thesiger, Queen's Counsel, for the defendant. Mr. Platt stated the case to the jury, from which it appeared that Mr. Planche, who was well known as a dramatic author, had, among other pieces, produced an entertainment called "The White Cat," which was performed at Covent-garden Theatre, while under the management of Madame Vestris, in the month of March, 1842. The piece was very popular, and there was an actress in it whose performance was particularly admired; he meant Miss Marshall, who sustained the character of The White Cat herself. There was no white cat like Miss Marshall. (Laughter.) Wherever she went there was no manager of a theatre who would not be glad to enlist her talents for his stage. In the course of a dramatic circuit, this lady appeared to have arrived at Bath, and Mr. Edward Hooper, the manager of the Bath Theatre, had the good fortune to engage her services. Having done this, he took upon himself, without asking the permission of Mr. Planche, to announce the performance of "The White Cat," and it was performed for a considerable number of nights, to the great delight of the audience, who applauded the performance from all parts of the house. There could be no objection to the performance of "The White Cat," but then the plaintiff was entitled to a fair remuneration, and he came there that day for the purpose of recovering damages for the invasion of his right. He felt confident that the jury would feel satisfied, after they had heard the evidence, that the plaintiff was entitled to their verdict.—Miss Marshall and several other witnesses having been examined, Mr. Thesiger quoted the Act of Parliament to show that the action ought to have been brought in the county of Somerset, where the offence was alleged to have been committed.—His lordship said that that point might be reserved, and the defendant should have the benefit of whatever objection he could make on that ground.—Mr. Thesiger then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant, and proceeded to show that the cause had been promoted by the Dramatic Authors Society, and not by Mr. Planche, who knew nothing whatever about it.—The learned judge having summed up, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £14, costs 40 shillings.

SPRING ASSIZES, 1844.—The Judges of the different courts met on Thursday morning in the Exchequer Chamber and chose their respective circuits on the ensuing Spring Assizes. The following is the arrangement:—Home Circuit: Lord Chief Justice Denman and Mr. Baron Alderson, Midland: Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Mr. Baron Gurney, Norfolk; Lord Chief Baron, Lord Abinger and Mr. Justice Pateson, Oxford: Mr. Baron Parke and Mr. Justice Coleridge. Northern: Mr. Justice Colman and Mr. Baron Rolfe. Western: Mr. Justice Wrighton and Mr. Justice Cresswell. South Wales: Mr. Justice Williams. North Wales: Mr. Justice Maule. Mr. Justice Erskine will attend business at chambers.

LITERATURE.

WANDERINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS. BY W. H.
MAXWELL, Esq. A. H. Baily and Co.

We promised to return to this very worthy sequel to the "Wild Sports of the West;" and we do so in the hope of affording our readers some idea of the almost exhaustless store of lively anecdote, characteristic trait, and animated description, which is pleasantly packed in the two handsome volumes before us. The author very justly observes, introductory, "It is astonishing that the best resources which Britain possesses for the artist, the sportsman, and the idler, are little known, and lightly entertained. Within the four seas of Britain, and to the full scope of his bent, the man of science, and the man of pleasure, may indulge himself; and the same corner of the island which affords marvellous enjoyment to the sportsman, be he ornithor., aniceps, or piscator, will also enrapture the painter, and puzzle the antiquary into death." This will lead the reader to anticipate much in these volumes that will delight the naturalist and the sportsman, and he will not be disappointed; and what better locality could be selected than the Scottish Border, the scene of many of our author's "sketches?" It is impossible for us to detail the many incidents, vividly and graphically narrated in the some forty chapters, of the results of the author's "truant disposition." Then we have traces of half-forgotten battle-fields, feudal keeps, Border peel-houses, and moss-clad ruins. Altogether, the book is the pleasantest work of the yet early season; and we doubt whether it will be surpassed in racy anecdote, lively experience, and sound information, without.

GREAT CHESS MATCH.

The following are the moves in the 6th game. Mr. Staunton moved first, and played the white:-

| M. St. A. | M. St. A. | M. St. A. |
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1 Q B P two | Q B P two | 16 Q takes B |
| 2 Kt to B. 3d | K B P two | 17 R takes Q |
| 3 K P two | Q P one | 18 B to Q B 2d |
| 4 B to Q 3d | K P one | 19 R takes Kt |
| 5 P takes P | P takes P | 20 B to Q B 3d |
| 6 K to R 3d | K Kt to B 3d | 21 K B P one |
| 7 Q Kt P one | K Kt P ones | 22 R to K sq |
| 8 Castles | B to K 2d | 23 Q K P one |
| 9 Q B to K 2d | Castles | 24 P takes P |
| 10 Kt to B 4th | Q Kt to B 3d | 25 K to B 2d |
| 11 Q Kt to Q 5th | Kt takes Kt | 26 K Kt P one |
| 12 Kt takes Kt | B to K 3d | 27 K R P one |
| 13 Kt takes B, ch | Q takes Kt | 28 Q P one |
| 14 Q to K 2d | Q to K B 2d | 29 Q R P one |
| 15 Q R to K sq | Q R to K sq (a) | 30 R to Q Kt sq |
| | | 31 K to Q 3d |
| | | 32 K to K 3d |
| | | 33 K to Q 3d |
| | | wins (h) |

After several more moves M. St. Amant resigned.

(a) M. St. Amant having approached the fire whilst his adversary was considering his move, overlooked, on his return, the attack upon the Bishop, and omitted to defend it. Of course, between two such players, the oversight must be fatal.

The following are the moves of the seventh game played between Mr. Staunton and M. Saint-Amant:-

| M. St. A. | M. St. A. | M. St. A. |
|----------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| 1 Q P two | K P one | 18 P takes P |
| 2 Q B P two | Q P two | 19 Q Kt to K 2d |
| 3 K P one | Q B P two | 20 P takes P (e) |
| 4 Q Kt to Q B 3d | K Kt to K B 3d | 21 Q to her B sq (f) |
| 5 K Kt to K B 3d | Q Kt to Q B 3d | 22 R takes Q |
| 6 K B to Q 3d | Q R P one | 23 K R to Q B 3d |
| 7 Castles | K B to Q 3d | 24 B takes R |
| 8 Q R P one | Kt P one | 25 Kt to B 3d (g) |
| 9 R to K sq | Castles | 26 P takes Kt |
| 10 K R P one | Q to Q B 2d | 27 K R P one |
| 11 Q Kt P one | Kt to K 2d | 28 K to B 2d |
| 12 Q B to Q 2d (a) | Q B to Q Kt 2d | 29 R takes B |
| 13 Q B P takes P (b) | K P takes P | 30 K takes R |
| 14 K to his R sq (c) | Q R to K sq | 31 K to Q 3d |
| 15 Q R to R 2d | K Kt to K 5th | 32 K to K 3d |
| 16 B takes Kt | P takes B | 33 K to Q 3d |
| 17 K Kt to his sq | P takes P | |

(b) Better perhaps to Kt 2d.
(b) Black takes this Pawn to stop up the line of attack of the Q B.
(c) To allow his Kt to retreat, if attacked by the adversary's Q B.
(d) An excellent move, adding great strength to the attack.
(e) A masterly move, in fact securing White the game.
(f) If the B takes the R, the Kt attacks the Q, and White gets check-mate with the Q B next move. Black, therefore, offers an exchange of Queens.
(g) The Black is obliged to play out this Kt, as if he defended the Pawn with the R by removing the other Kt to QB sq, the White could attack B and Kt together with his B.
(h) The game was here given in by M. St. Amant.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

We have been informed that Major Eldred Pottinger, C.B., the heroic defender of Herat, is the bearer of the additional treaty from China, by which Sir Henry Pottinger has so wisely secured our future intercourse with China from the intrigues and cabals of a host of Ambassadors and Envys from European States and the "Repudiated States."

According to letters from St. Petersburgh of the end of last month the Emperor Nicholas had had a fall from his horse, which prevented him from receiving the *corps diplomatique* and official people with the usual compliments on his birth-day.

The *Toronto Patriot* states that a Royal pardon has been extended to the five following transported prisoners, who are undergoing their sentence in New South Wales, in consequence of the part taken by them in the late rebellion in Canada, to wit:—Pierce Hector Morin, Achille Morin, Charles Huot, Louis Pinsonnault, Rene Pinsonnault.

The official returns show that the quantity of coals imported into London during the month of December was 295,700 tons, carried in 1003 vessels. In comparing the return of the present month with the corresponding month of last year, we find an increase of 6779 tons, but on the whole year there is a decrease of 94,680 tons.

Mr. Nicholas Maher has retired from the representation of Tipperary. Our letters state that Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., is now to be called upon.

The applications to Parliament in the next session for railway acts will be more numerous than in any previous year since 1835. These applications relate to lines extending 600 miles in length; and so confident are the projectors of obtaining their bills, that they have been eager to make contracts, even before the bills are passed, and many such contracts have been entered into for the formation of railways, at an expense, including stations, of £10,000 per mile. A large demand for iron and other railway materials must ensue.

A collegiate school was opened in Lambeth on Monday, to the head mastership of which the Rev. J. R. Barber, M.A., has been appointed.

The steam plough has been introduced in Scotland, for ploughing in morasses and boggy land, where horses cannot be employed.

The Scotch are now gathering guano from the rocks and cliffs of the Orkney Isles, and supplies of it are also being collected on parts of the Devonshire coast.

The Countess Dowager of Clare applied, at her house in Belgrave-square, late on Saturday evening last. Her ladyship was the eldest daughter of the late Richard Chapel Whaley, Esq., and was married, in 1786 to the late Earl of Clare, the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and father of the present Earl.

The *Gazette de France*, which was convicted by default a few days since, for a libel on the government, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, has had the good luck to find that sentence reversed by a jury, to whom it appealed in accordance with the laws of France. The trial came on Monday last, and, after an hour's deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

The West India mail steamer Tweed, Captain Sharp, left Southampton on Wednesday afternoon with a heavy mail for Madeira and the West Indies, and 45 passengers. The Peninsular steamer Pacha, Captain Wilson, left the dock on Thursday with the mails for the Peninsula, Malta, Greece, and the Ionian Islands.

The mother of the celebrated General Mina died at Pampluna on the 6th instant, in the 90th year of her age.

Count Mazzinghi, well known in this country by a long and successful career as a composer, died at Downside, near Bath, on Monday last. His productions were in favour with both their late Majesties, George III. and IV. One of his operas, "The Chains of the Heart," the former Sovereign went twice in one week to witness. George IV. intrusted him with the superintendence of the concerts at Carlton House and the Pavilion.

A new and spacious entrance to the Greenwich Railway, adjoining St. Thomas's Hospital, is nearly completed, and will be opened in a few days for the passage of vehicles to the terminus.

The long contemplated improvements in that densely populated *locale*, the Mint in Southwark, are now it would seem at once to take place. The same plan for a new street, which was approved of at a meeting held at the Town Hall, on September 17, 1840, designed by Mr. Atticocks, the surveyor, is to undergo little or no modification or alteration.

The Lords of the Admiralty have purchased the "working model" from which the statue of Nelson upon the column in Trafalgar-square was executed. The model is five feet ten inches high, and is to be placed in a niche in the vestibule of the Admiralty, immediately facing the principal entrance to that building. The figure being so very much smaller than the colossal one worked from it, exhibits more finished detail.

Lord Morpeth has signified his intention of attending at the Great Free trade dinner which is to take place at Wakefield in Yorkshire on the 31st inst.

Lady Noel Byron has expressed her intention of having a considerable quantity of land on her estate at Wellsborough, Leicestershire, early in the ensuing spring, apportioned amongst the poor, for the purpose of being tilled under the allotment system.

The Earl of Cardigan has presented to the township of Bramley a site for a National School; and his lordship has also subscribed £100 towards the erection of a church at Woodside, in the township of Horsthurst, near Leeds.

The Duke of Bedford and Lord Ducie have both abandoned the Northampton Farming and Grazing Society, on the grounds stated in Lord Spencer's letter.

Persons claiming exemption from income tax for empty property, for the year ending the 5th of April last, are required to make their claims on or before the 1st of February next or they will not be allowed.

At the Surrey Sessions last week Mr. Daniels appealed against a poor-rate for Mouseley Hurst race-course, amounting to £300. The ground of appeal was non-occupancy. Mr. Chambers argued that the Hurst was clearly ratable, and that the tenant was liable at the time the rate was made. The races had become exceedingly popular, and the ground was let for £300, for two days. The court confirmed the rate.

The Glasgow East India Association has memorialised the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a reduction of the duty on tea, on the ground that the present impost exercises and injurious influence on trade generally, but particularly on the trade with China.

Sir Thomas G. Culham, Bart., purchased the estate of Hanstead Lodge, near Bury, on Saturday, for £10,650, it being just a century that day since it passed out of the hands of his ancestors.

The Madrid Gazette of the 8th contains a royal ordinance, countersigned by the Minister of Finance, to restore Queen Christina to the enjoyment of her pension.

We regret to notice the death of Joseph Strutt, Esq., of Derby, who had attained the goodly age of nearly 80. He was, we believe, the head of the eminent manufacturing firm of that name.

The Augsburg Gazette states that the property left by the late Count of Nassau, has been estimated far too highly, the real amount being not more than seventy millions of francs.

An American paper states that General Jackson is in very infirm health. He never leaves his room, and is emaciated to mere skin and bone. He has a severe cough, and pain in the back and side, but his voice and intellect appear unaffected, and the lightning fire of former years yet flashes in his eye.

On Wednesday and Thursday last the Ross-shire rioters were put on their trial in the Justiciary Court. There were three convictions, and the sentences were lenient, two of the convicted having been sentenced to six, and one to nine months' imprisonment.

We may now congratulate the public on the certainty of there being a direct line of railway between Ipswich and London. The rival line has been abandoned. The Eastern Counties Railway express their wish to see the Ipswich line carried out; and still better, that all the money to form the Railway has been fully subscribed.

According to the resolutions of both Houses of Parliament, a scheme was recently adopted for the promulgation of the statutes, and from a return made in the early part of last session, it appears that, in the year 1841, no fewer than 4135 acts were sent out to public offices, to cities, counties, and boroughs, to sheriffs, and other persons. It seems that 1202 statutes were sent to the two Houses of Parliament—421 to the House of Lords, and 681 to the House of Commons. Others to sheriffs, clerks of the peace, &c., as well as to persons in Wales and Scotland.

The importation of foreign cattle has fallen off considerably—upwards of one-half for this year, as compared with 1842. In 1843 the importation only amounted to 317 oxen and three sheep, while in 1842, 1685 oxen, 24 cows, 439 sheep, and 253 pigs, were imported.

It is computed by qualified authorities, that the annual loss of life from filth and bad ventilation is greater than the loss from death or wounds in any modern war in which this country has been engaged. The Poor-Law Commissioners state that "of the 43,000 cases of widowhood, and 112,000 cases of destitute orphanage, relieved from the poor-rates of England and Wales alone, it appears that the greatest proportion of deaths of the heads of families occurred from disease propagated by removable causes."

We have to record the death of Dr. David Ritchie, one of the ministers of St. Andrew's Church, which took place at his house in Broughton-place, Edinburgh, on Wednesday forenoon. The rev. doctor had attained the 81st year of his age. He succeeded Dr. Finlayson in the chair of logic in the University of Edinburgh, which he resigned five or six years ago, and was long colleague of the late Dr. Grant, in St. Andrew's Church.

The consideration of Mr. Wells's petition against the return of four of the Common Councilmen for Farringdon Without, was on Tuesday postponed by the Court of Aldermen for a fortnight.

On Saturday a gentleman in London died, for the sum of £75,000, a piece of land, on the Seacombe side of Wallasey Pool, which he bought, two years ago, for £8000. The land has a good and extensive frontage to the pool, and when the grand plan of converting the pool into a dock is completed, it will be one of the most valuable estates on its banks.

Temple Hillward Layton, Esq., late of Cleeve Wood, Frenchay, has been appointed to the office of British Vice-consul at China. Mr. Layton's long residence in China (to which country he went from his college in Cambridge), first in service of the East India Company, and next, after the expiration of their charter, in his private capacity, afforded him an ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character of that remote and remarkable people, and all the peculiarities of their commercial and social systems.

The funeral of the late Captain Fernyhough, the Governor of the Military Knights, took place on Monday, at the new catacombs at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with full military honours. Captain Moore has succeeded to the vacancy thus created.

The Legitimist print, *Gazette de France*, states that a letter from Munich was received at Paris on Saturday, announcing that his Royal Highness the Duke d'Angouleme, son of the late King of France, Charles X., and uncle of his Royal Highness the Duke de Bourdeaux, had died of a disease from which he had long suffered.

Within the last few days an extraordinary answer to a bill in Chancery has been filed. The answer is engrossed on "forty skins" of parchment, consisting of upwards of 1000 folios. It has been ascertained that an office copy of this answer will cost the plaintiff no less than £49 10s. which amount must be incurred before the suit can be proceeded with.

Portavo House, the seat of Mr. David S. Ker, M.P., has been burnt to the ground. The destructive element, it is supposed, had been secretly progressing for some days; but on Sunday morning last, at two o'clock, it burst forth with irresistible fury in Lady Selina Ker's bed-chamber. Such was the rapidity with which the flames extended, that scarcely anything was saved, and had the family been in bed, the consequences must have been truly deplorable. We are happy to learn that no lives have been lost or bodily injury sustained by any person.

Guano, a correspondent states, is not the dung of birds, but a fossil earth, found in considerable quantities in the small South Sea islands on the coast of Peru. A full account of its use may be found in the first volume of Thomson's "Alcedo," under the head Huano, not Guano.

Some workmen while trenching recently at Perry-street, Gravesend, dug up a leaden seal, once attached to a Papal Bull, bearing on one side the name of Pope Johannes PP. xxii. in Roman capitals, and on the reverse the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, rudely designed and coarsely executed, and above them the letters SPA, SPE. [Sanctus Paulus, Sanctus Petrus.] The seal is now in the possession of that eruditus member of the Numismatic Society, W. Crafter, Esq., of the Ordnance-office, Gravesend.

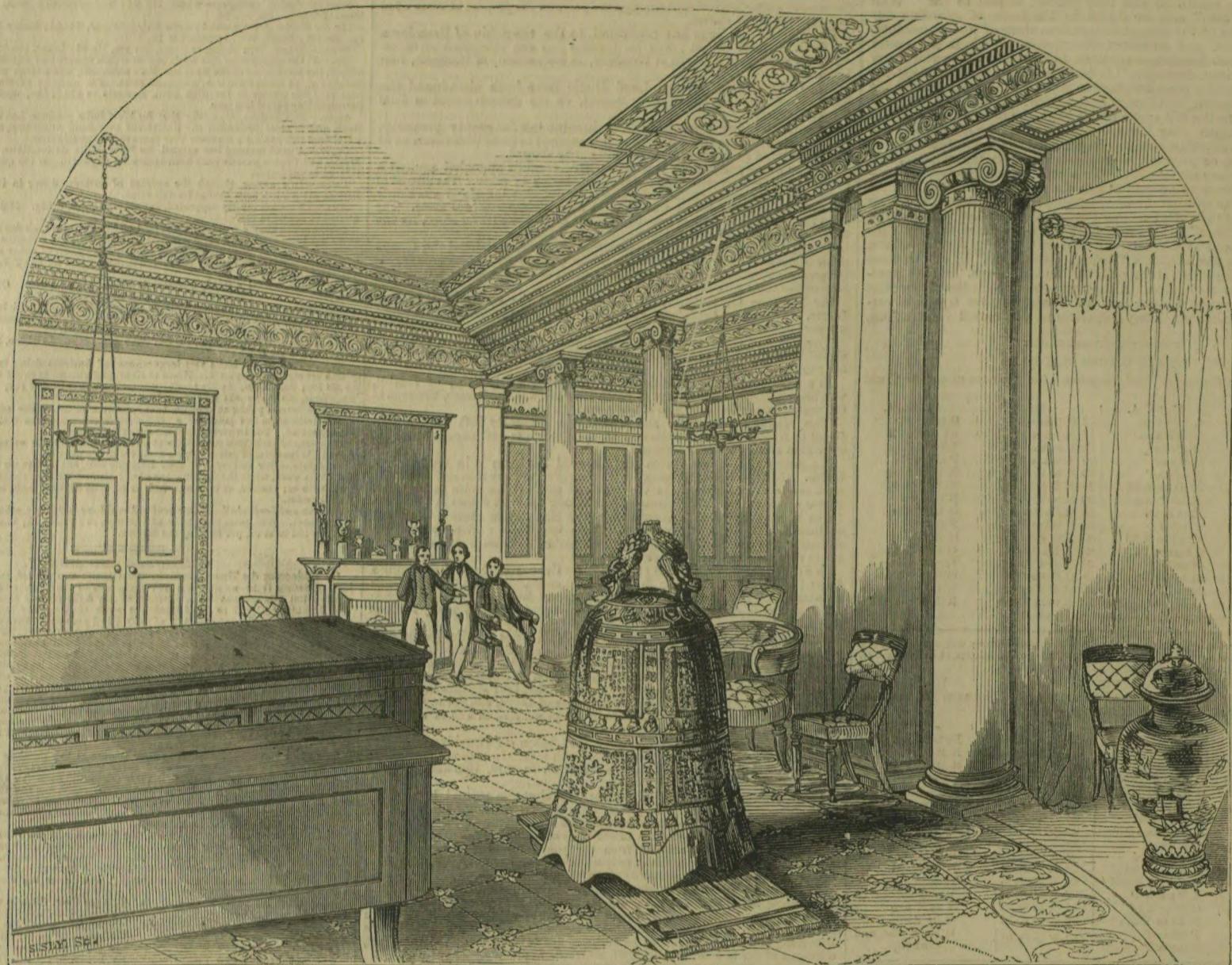
We understand that a steam-carriage has at last been invented, adapted in every respect for locomotion on common turnpike roads. The carriage for passengers is something like an ordinary stage-coach, and is propelled by an engine on two extra wheels, fitted closely to the rear of the carriage, but which can be disconnected at pleasure. The machinery is much simplified, and is rendered so compact that it can be placed upon patent springs of such a construction that its liability to derangement from the unevenness of surface on common roads is entirely avoided.

We understand that a pretty extensive traffic in oysters is now carried on between this country and America. Strange though it may appear, still it is nevertheless true, that oysters are now regularly imported into Liverpool by the New York line of packets. The oysters are put in tanks, and fed on the passage, and serve for part of the ballast of the vessels.

THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Comparatively speaking, a very scanty supply of English wheat has been received up to our markets this week, while the show of samples on each day has in consequence been small. Fine parcels of both red and white have sold briskly at an advance of 1s. per quarter; but in the value of other kinds, in which only a limited business has been transacted, we have no variation to report. In foreign wheat more has been doing, yet the quotations have undergone no change; bonded qualities, however, have proved amending. Owing to the arrivals of

EXTRAORDINARY CHINESE PRESENTS TO HER MAJESTY.



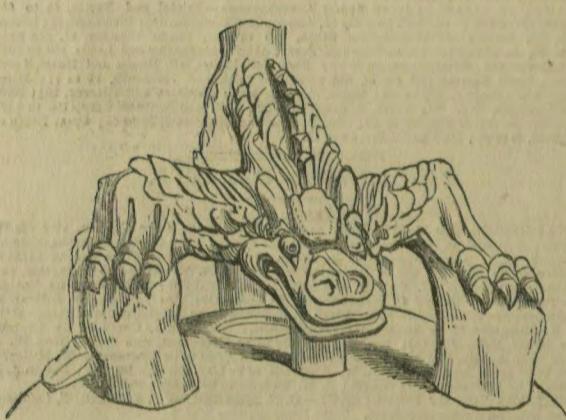
THE GREAT CHINESE BELL IN THE LIBRARY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The metal of which it is composed appears to be a mixture of tin, copper, and silver in a very large proportion. The tone of the bell is consequently sharp, sweet, and calculated for "far distances." The exterior surface is entirely covered with inscriptions and bas-reliefs, of sharp and perfect execution. Round the bell are three bands, composed of figures of distinguished personages of the Buddhist sect. Between these, Chinese inscriptions on open scrolls are placed, consisting, for the most part, of lists of devout persons of both sexes. Several bands or ribbons of words divide and separate the tablets, and on these are inscribed sentences, descriptive of the doctrines and worship of Budh. One of these lines, in larger characters than the others, contains the name of the Peen ling pe sze, or Peen ling pe temple, where the bell was cast. This appears, from other inscriptions, to have been near the city of Shaau-ching (Shaon-ching). On other parts of the bell are some inscriptions in Thibetan or Sanscrit, in which the bell is stated to have been cast under the direction of persons officially connected with the temple and the fort Shaon-ching, on the eighth moon of the nineteenth year of the reign of Tao Kwang, the present Emperor, A.D. 1839. These Sanscrit inscriptions are deeply interesting, as they seem to intimate a more ancient and familiar intercourse with the peninsula of Hindostan than historians have yet found a place for in their *conclusive chronicles*.

The casting—the foundry work—of this bell is as remarkable as its literary character. The work is perfect, and must, without doubt, have resulted from a course of operations precisely similar in their details to our own. Many of our readers are acquainted with Schiller's "Song of Bell," and in reading its graphic lines, they would, without doubt, conclude that, as

— by his work the master's known,

this said process of bell casting was essentially European; but long and long before the



TOP OF THE BELL.

Her Majesty is becoming rich in Chinese presents. A fortnight since we had the pleasure to direct the attention of our readers to the collection of military trophies in Windsor Castle; but we have now the satisfaction of presenting them with some examples of Chinese Fine Art, deposited in Buckingham Palace, which, in value, far transcend their warlike associates, and which are, in fact, the very finest specimens of Celestial civilization which have yet reached this country. They consist of a huge bell, and a pair of elegant vases, both taken from a temple at Ning-po.

The bell is about five feet in height and three feet diameter. Its shape is singularly elegant; its mouth is scalloped like the limb of a monopetalous corolla in flowers; and its general contour very closely resembles the bell of the *campanula tremuloides* — the harebell of Shakspeare and our country botanists. In the selection of this form — for the model is, beyond all doubt, a copy from nature — the Chinese artists have shown a refinement and elevation of taste greatly in advance of the national style, which glories in grotesque fancies, uphill perspectives, and impossible combinations of form and colour.

— music of our village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet,

was heard in the oldest of the venerable lands of Christendom, the bells of Nankin, and of the Chinese cities generally, had tolled or chimed their independent melody, and laid the foundation of those usages which, in 1839, we find to be national habits, ministering to universal use and amusement. From this and a thousand similar circumstances we may safely conclude that the Chinese—at least as far as their history, their learning, and their art are concerned—are a people whose name and place are all that have yet been discovered.

In connection with this matter we may mention that Mr. Samuel Birch, the eminent Egyptian and Oriental antiquary of the British Museum, is now engaged in preparing a translation of the inscriptions of the bell, for presentation to her Majesty.

The vases are, like the bell, of cast metal, and they are similarly remarkable for the sharpness and beauty of their form and decorations. Divested of their ornaments, they might be taken for vases of Etruria or Pompeii — so simple, so graceful are their shapes. Indeed, were it not for the royal dragons which embrace them, we should find it difficult to believe we were looking on Chinese workmanship.

Our great cut represents the bell as it is shown to her Majesty's visitors in the library of Buckingham Palace. The cut at the head of our article exhibits the dragon — the imperial symbol — by which, as a handle, the bell is suspended; and the third cut, in the third column, shows two of the figures from the bands of the bell. At the bottom of the page, in the fourth cut, are shown the vases, as they stand on the map-cases of the library.



FIGURES ON THE BELL.

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Falling at intervals upon the ear
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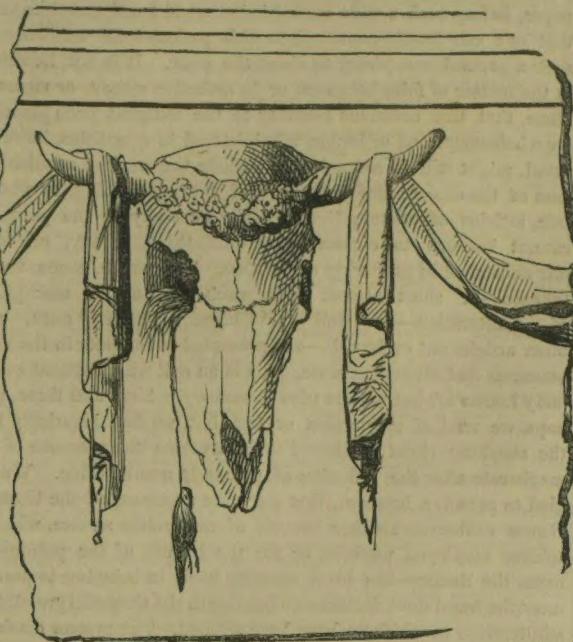
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was heard

SINGULAR ACCIDENT TO A SPARROW.

The principal external ornament of the Rotunda, in Sackville-street, Dublin, is a richly carved frieze, representing the heads of

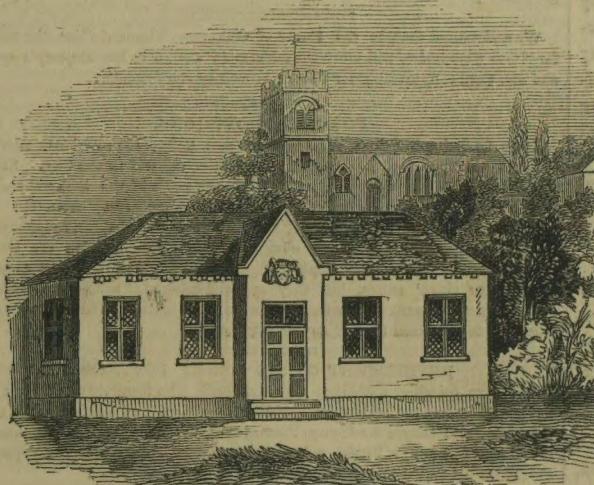


oxen, with festoons of flowers pendant from the horns; the frieze running round the entire building at a great elevation. In the hollow of the eye of one of these heads, a sparrow, this year, built its nest. But amongst the materials which it employed for that purpose, there unhappily chanced to be a woollen thread, with a noose at one end. By some accident the poor little fellow, unfortunately, got his own neck inserted in the noose; and in his efforts to extricate himself, fell from his nest, and hung suspended below it. He was observed for some time making prodigious exertions to escape, but in vain; and his remains are now to be seen, gibbeted at his own door and fluttering in the wind, whilst the straws of his nest project from the eye-hole above his head.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

CRANOE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

This pretty parish, situated on the Gartree road, between Hallaton and Leicester, on the south side of a steep hill, has received a great addition by the completion of a school for the education of children of both sexes, in the principles of the Established Church, built at the sole expense of the Earl of Cardigan. It is fitted up in a superior style, having every convenience for the master and mistress; the school-room is thirty-two feet by eighteen, and twenty-five feet in height; it is built of stone and covered with Welsh slate. Over the front door, in the pediment, are the Brudenell arms, with their supporters, surmounted by a coronet in relief, executed in first-rate style by Mr. Hull, of Leicester. The building was from the design of the Rev. John H. Hill, the Incumbent. The Rector's house, near the church, has been built about five years, and to its erection, the noble Earl liberally contributed.



CRANOE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

In addition to the above school, which will contain about a hundred children and is endowed, Lord Cardigan maintains one at Deene, another at Corby, a third at Stanton, and a fourth at Glapthorne; thus educating at his own private expense many hundred children.

AGGREGATE MEETING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

A meeting of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, convened by a numerously signed requisition, at the head of which was the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, was held on Saturday last at the Music-hall, Abbey-street, Dublin, for the purpose of "petitioning the Queen to direct her attention to the conduct pursued towards her loyal and devoted Catholic subjects by her Majesty's present Government." The place of meeting is a very handsome room, surrounded by a gallery, and lighted by a magnificent chandelier. As the hall was densely filled in every part, there could not be less than 3,000 persons present. The centre compartment of the gallery opposite the stage was set apart for the accommodation of the ladies, a considerable number of whom were present. Shortly before one o'clock, the hour announced for holding the meeting, Mr. Thomas Steele, the "head pacificator," entered the room, and was received with loud plaudits; shortly after, Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Reynolds, the City Marshal, made his appearance, and was greeted by three rounds of applause. Mr. O'Connell appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

At twenty minutes to two o'clock the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor was called upon to preside. Having briefly stated the object of the meeting, he said that it was a most extraordinary fact, that although he was deemed worthy to hold the proud position to which he had been elected by his fellow-citizens, it was quite clear, from the proceedings at the Crown-office within the last few days, that the Government of the country looked upon him as unfit even to serve upon the common juries of the land. It had been stated elsewhere that Irishmen were aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion. It appears that the Catholics of Ireland were in a worse position than aliens, as they were deprived of the rights that every alien had at common law; for if an alien were to be tried, he would have the power to demand that half of the jury who were to adjudicate upon his case should be composed of aliens. (Hear, hear.) As the meeting would be addressed by many old friends, to whom he was indebted for his present honourable distinction, he should not trespass further on their attention. (Applause.)

Mr. Alexander McCarthy having read the requisition convening the meeting, observed that it had received the sanction of the Earl of Kenmare, who, as soon as he heard of the insult offered to the Catholics of Ireland, felt it his duty to come forward and identify himself with the great body of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, although he had taken no part in Irish politics since the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. (Hear, hear.)

Sir Thomas Esmond was then introduced to the meeting, and received with loud cheers. He said he came to the meeting to vindicate his character and conduct. He had for many years acted alone with Roman Catholics, and regretted that the foul imputation cast on them of being unworthy of belief was now about to be sanctioned by those in power. What they had to do, in furtherance of religious liberty, he hoped would be done with temperance and discretion. He concluded

GREAT AGGREGATE CATHOLIC MEETING, AT DUBLIN.

by moving "That we, the Roman Catholics of Ireland, yield to no portion of the Queen's subjects in true loyalty to the throne, and respect for the obligations of an oath."

Sir John Power seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously. T. Wise, Esq., M.P. for Waterford, came forward to move the next resolution. He commenced by reminding the meeting of what were the sentiments and feelings of the Roman Catholic population of this realm at the time of the passing of the Relief Bill. In the first resolution which was moved on that occasion, they declared that they regarded the Emancipation Act as a great measure of justice and sound policy, not only in removing the badge of inferiority from the Catholics, without encroaching on the rights or privileges of the Protestants, but by destroying those inviolable distinctions and unjust preferences which poisoned the intercourse of both alike, and sapped the foundations of public prosperity, which put an end for ever to every pretext for dissension between the subjects of our common sovereign, and combined the virtues and energies of the entire community in a general effort to maintain with honour and promote the universal prosperity of the country. The Catholics of Ireland had

that resolution circulated throughout the country, in order to prove to their fellow-subjects that there should not be even the recollection of their former enmity—that they were inclined to annihilate their differences by every means in their power to promote the common benefit of their country, and thus make the Emancipation Act a reality. But what must be their feelings to be called on to-day to separate themselves from the rest of their fellow-subjects, to again proclaim distinction of creed—to stand as proclaiming their Catholic rights, instead of proclaiming their communion with their fellow-subjects? He was happy to find among those present some who were present on the occasion alluded to. Sir Thomas Esmond—(cheers)—was present once more to claim those rights for which they had been banded together (as well as their forefathers) for half a century. What stranger coming to this land, and looking at the transactions before them, and the assemblage he was addressing, would believe that the Emancipation Act had passed? (Hear.) At the very time of the passing of that measure they had been told that it was not conceded to justice nor to right—that it was not given from the conviction that for years the Roman Catholics had been defrauded of their legitimate share in the constitution, but that it was given from



THE MUSIC HALL, DUBLIN.

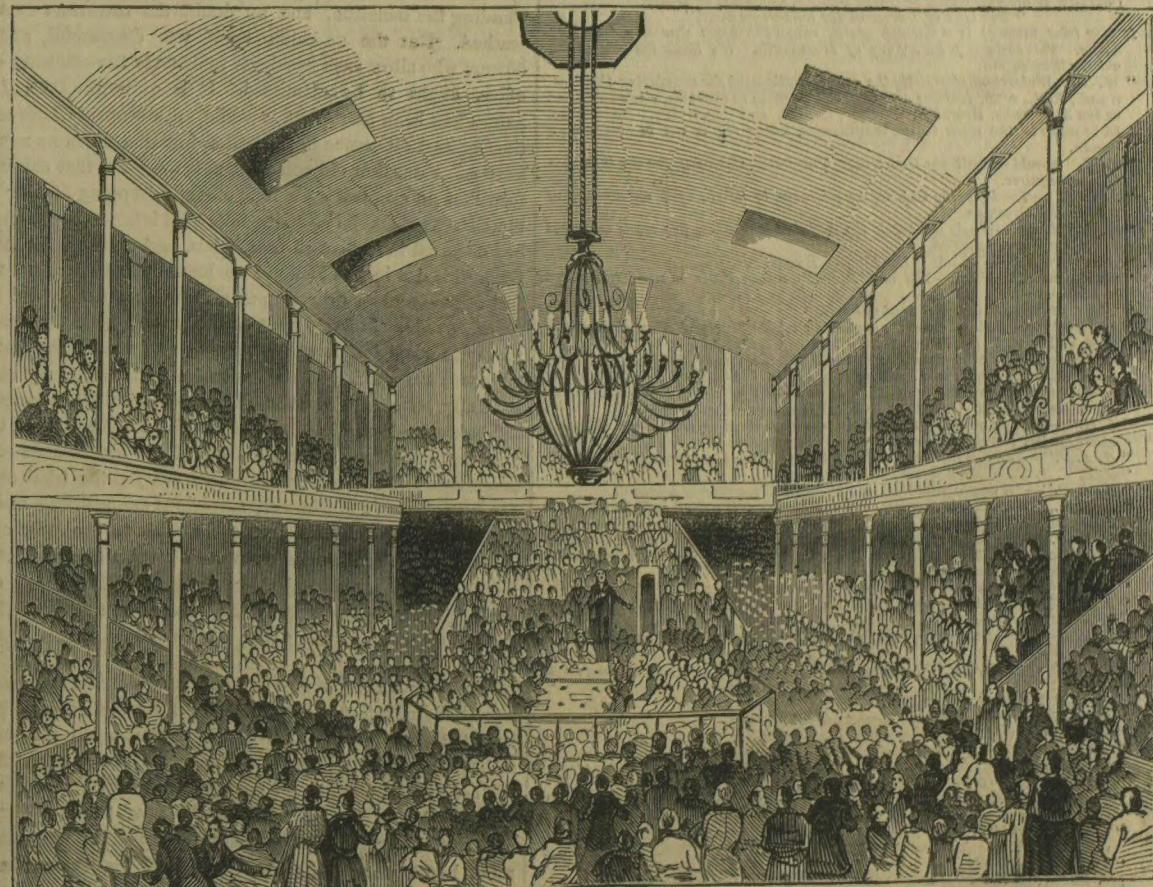
the apprehension of danger and immediate peril. (Hear, and cheers.) Those who had carried the measure had shown by their acts that they gave it reluctantly; and, while they placed it on the statute-book, they retained the power of making it in reality wholly nugatory. (Cheers.) They had been taunted, in the last session of Parliament, with insinuations of the same kind, but the minister who dared to throw out the imputation on the honour of the Roman Catholics, was compelled, in the face of the House of Commons, and the empire at large, to apologise for its injustice. (Cheers.) The Roman Catholics had borne testimony by deeds, not by words, of their respect for oaths; they had given that testimony by sufferings, by bondage, chains, and death. (Applause.) No one had dared to substantiate the calumny that a Catholic could not be bound by his oath; and if it could be substantiated, that circumstance should also form a ground of legitimate exclusion from every office, civil, religious, and military, as well as from the duties of a juror. (Cheers.) The very same ground that would legitimate the exclusion of a Catholic from this panel, would also be a ground for re-enacting, in all its horrors, the penal code. If necessary, the Catholics of Ireland were again ready to stand in the same fight for the vindication of their rights (cheers)—and the vindication of their honour, which they prized above their property and their lives. (Applause.) They had every element of power and greatness among them, and they would not sit down tamely under such imputations—they would make themselves felt and known in the great incorporation of the British empire. (Cheers.) After some further observations to the same effect, Mr. Wise concluded by moving a resolution, the substance of which was that the officers of the Crown had inflicted an injury on the country by striking from the jury panel all the Roman Catholics placed thereon, and that they the meeting—the Catholics of Ireland—were determined to vindicate their character for truth, loyalty, and order.

Mr. J. H. Talbot seconded the resolution.

Mr. Ford, Town Clerk, then addressed the meeting at some length, and stated several instances of the exclusion of Roman Catholics from juries since the passing of the Emancipation Bill. He compared the conduct of Government to that of the Roman Catholic people of Ireland, who had returned so many Protestants to Parliament, and to corporate offices; all complained of the conduct of the law officers of the Crown in the prosecutions now going on, in striking the panel, and also of the Recorder, in keeping back the revised jury list until the 29th of December last. The last act of which he complained was the omission of sixty-three names from the list. He did not know whose fault it was, but the fact was that that number had been removed from the list.

Mr. Sheil then rose to move the next resolution, and was most enthusiastically received. He said that it was not his intention to say more than a very few words, as he should ere long have an opportunity of advertizing to the very conspicuous incidents which had occurred in reference to the pending trials, and of

meeting his antagonists face to face. It was a fact on which he reflected with very great pride, that he was the first person who signed the requisition that had called that meeting. (Cheers.) He saw that a time was come for making a great popular demonstration of feeling, a demonstration of feeling as also a demonstration of power. (Hear.) The nation was aroused, and in a just cause. (Hear, hear.) The facts were with them (the meeting), and his advice to them was this, to present a memorial to the Queen, and a petition to both Houses of Parliament, setting forth those facts with clearness and without exaggeration. (Cheers.) Exaggeration might be resorted to in a weak and imperfect cause, but the truths which they would have to press on the attention of her Majesty and of both Houses of Parliament were of such a character as called for inquiry. He would advise them to confine themselves to a clear statement of facts, such as had been given by his excellent friend the Town Clerk of Dublin. In reference to the grand jury list, supposing that all those parties who had been struck off were members of the Repeal Association, that circumstance would relieve the prosecutors from the just imputation, which they had occurred; for allowing that there were an indictment for conspiracy to carry Parliamentary Reform, what would be said of the Crown Solicitor were he to strike off every member of the Reform Club, or the members of any other association for the attainment of that object? (Hear.) He was convinced that there were individuals among the Roman Catholics struck off who were not members of the Repeal Association. (Hear, hear.) He begged them again to set forth facts prominently in their petition. The Times itself, although strongly opposed to what is called the Repeal Association, admitted that if a considerable portion of the jury list had been suppressed, a case was made out that deserved the most serious consideration. There was another matter to which he desired to advert. Yesterday, in open court—he mentioned the fact that it might go forth to the British Empire—yesterday, in open court, one of the Judges of the land, Mr. Justice Perrin, whilst he declared that he concurred with the rest of his brethren in thinking that on legal grounds the Recorder could not be called on by Mandamus to amend the writ, added, that circumstances had been disclosed, calculated to awaken deep suspicion. He repeated that he announced the fact now that publicity might be given to it. The learned gentleman then moved a resolution to the effect, that the absence of certain names from the grand jury panel afforded ground for more than suspicion that foul dealing had been practised; that Parliamentary investigation was therefore requisite. The right hon. and learned gentleman, having read the resolution, said he did not think that the Minister of the Crown was ever more embarrassed than he would be ere long. (Hear.) He had declared "that Ireland was his great difficulty." He (Mr. Sheil) was sure that he would not only find Ireland his great difficulty, but his insuperable impossibility. (Hear, hear.) The Minister was embarrassed by many things. He was embarrassed by the eloquence, the



THE GREAT AGGREGATE MEETING IN THE MUSIC HALL, DUBLIN.

energy, and the fearlessness, by the indomitable spirit of Daniel O'Connell, (Loud and enthusiastic cheering; in the midst of which a voice exclaimed, "Richard's himself again.") This was followed by much laughter, in which the right hon. gentleman joined.) "I hope," said Mr. Steele, "that that gentleman won't add, 'conscience avante!'" (Hear, and laughter.) The Minister was embarrassed by that circumstance, the bare mention of which made the word vibrate through their frame. He was embarrassed by the devotion of eight millions of the people of Ireland to the Liberator of his country. He would be embarrassed by the array of the Irish Members in the House of Commons, who would oppose and confront him on this subject, and who would, he had no doubt, he sustained on the occasion by the Liberal English members. (Hear, hear.) But, more than all, he would be embarrassed by a circumstance which would operate more effectively than the opposition of eight millions of people—more than the eloquence and energy of Daniel O'Connell—more than the hostility of the English and Irish Liberal Members—by the mean and paltry trickery of these prosecutions. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.)

Mr. J. Maher seconded the resolution.

After a few observations from Mr. Steele,

Mr. Kedington proposed the next resolution, the substance of which was, that

a petition be at once presented to the Queen, praying for inquiry.

Mr. Kelly seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. M'Gill, of Belfast, proposed the next resolution, and was followed by

Mr. O'Connell, whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering. He said that he had been told that he had no business there that day, but others had said that a Catholic meeting without him would be the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire. He complained that in this case the Emancipation Act had been repealed. The hon. and learned member continued to address the meeting at considerable length, and proceeded to say, people from all parts rose at once with indignation at the indignity offered to the Catholics. The Parliament emancipated them, but the Executive deprived them of the benefit of that emancipation. But no one could be surprised at the proceedings taken by the Attorney-General, when Sir James Graham was the Secretary of State. Mr. Smith had made the same charge against the Catholics that Sir James Graham formerly had made, but which he had been compelled to retract. Sixty-three Catholics were out of the lists that ought to have been upon them; and it was not right that his case should be adjudicated upon when men who ought to have formed part of the panel were excluded from it. A fair jury was denied upon the plea that they were Repealers. It was all hypocrisy from beginning to end. They had indicted his son; they might have been satisfied by indicting the father, without including the son. The Catholics were proclaimed to be inferior to their fellow-countrymen. He appealed to them all to rally and let their voices be heard from one end of the empire to the other, and hurl that administration from office who could treat the Catholics with so much injustice. The hon. and learned gentleman concluded by saying, there might be defeat—there might be martyrdom—there might be injustice—but there should be no shrinking. The hon. and learned gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

The motion was put and carried, after which the Secretary read a draft of a petition to the Queen.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Jan. 21st.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

MONDAY, 22nd.—Lord Bacon born, 1561.

TUESDAY, 23rd.—Pitt died, 1806.

WEDNESDAY, 24th.—Fox born, 1749.

THURSDAY, 25th.—Prince of Wales christened, 1842.

FRIDAY, 26th.—Jenner died, 1823.

SATURDAY, 27th.—Duke of Sussex born, 1773.

HIGH WATER at London-bridge, for the Week ending Jan. 27.

| Monday. | Tuesday. | Wednesday. | Thursday. | Friday. | Saturday. |
|---------|----------|------------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| M. | A. | M. | A. | M. | A. |
| h. m. | h. m. | h. m. | h. m. | h. m. | h. m. |
| 3 44 | 4 2 | 4 21 | 4 39 | 4 57 | 5 14 |
| | | | | 5 30 | 5 48 |
| | | | | 6 5 | 6 22 |
| | | | | 6 41 | 6 59 |

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CENSUS.—"R. C. K." Kensington.—The population of the parish of Market Drayton, or Drayton-in-Hales, in the counties of Salop and Stafford, will be found in our list, under Drayton-in-Hales.

"J. D." Newcastle, is quite correct in his statement. The chapelry of Hunstonworth is still considered to form part of the parish of Edmondbyers, in the county of Durham, and the population is so included. Edmondbyers parish, exclusive of Hunstonworth, contains 458 inhabitants.

CENSUS ERRATA.—Omitted in list:—Oving parish, Bucks, pop. 391.

"B. Z."—Roland's "Art of Farming," published at Edinburgh.

"A. B. Clerk."—1. We do not know. 2. The charges are arbitrary.

"G. P." Woodstock.—Harding's Short-hand.

"C. S."—The price of the View of London is 1s.

"A Constant Reader."—The Committee is to meet is correct. We do not know.

"S. H. S."—We think not.

"L. B. S."—There were five Sundays in February (Leap Year) 1840.

"X. Y. Z."—See future numbers.

"Q. O. X."—No. 89; Messrs. Remnant and Edmonds will bind the volume—charge 4s. 6d.

"An Old Subscriber," Wolverhampton, should write to Oscott College.

"W. R." Hampstead, should consult the novel of "Arabella Stuart," lately published.

"R. G. P." City.—We shall be glad to receive the details.

"Dan."—We think, conviction.

"Q. O. X."—The admission to the Tower is 6d.

"J. X. A."—We cannot promise.

"M."—A Regular Subscriber.—The cab back fare is half price.

"J. G."—A Subscriber.—The children are liable for the funeral expenses only.

"Veritas."—The history of Gog and Magog, in the Guildhall, London, is a long story. They represent two giants; one, Corinæus (Gog), a follower of Brutus, the great grandson of Æneas, the conqueror of Albion, which, with reference to his own name, he called Briton. Corinæus receiving

"The land of Cornwall for his service done."

Magog (Goëgnagoc) is a Cornish giant, whom Corinæus slew in a desperate battle. This story is from Jeffery of Monmouth. We think the subject too old for illustration.

"W. X."—Wolverhampton.—By the act of Parliament for regulating theatres, 6 and 7 Vict., c. 38, justices are to grant licences to theatres, elsewhere than in the Metropolis, Brighton, Windsor, Oxford, and Cambridge. Application to be made to the clerk to the magistrates, whose fee is not to exceed 5s. a month.

"J. W." should consult the Cambridge University Calendar for the information he requires.

"J. D. F."—The Infantry Cap is, we presume, to be changed on account of its unsightly fashion.

"P. S."—Leeds.—We do not think the Aerial Machine has yet made any progress towards completion.

"A Subscriber."—The heir is the Earl of Burlington.

"An Amateur," Bristol.—The new Patent German Flute is scarcely entitled to illustration.

"The White Bed," a sonnet, will not suit.

"Clerics" will find an accurate engraving of the Martyrs' Memorial, at Oxford, in No. 33 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

We have received a circumstantial statement of the case of Mr. John Dufresne, an English merchant, who has been confined in the Queen's Bench prison 31 years for a supposititious accusation of contempt of court. The case has so lately been before the public in detail, that we cannot enter into it.

"J. H."—We do not know to what our correspondent refers, unless it be to a chart by Dr. Barrington, reviewed in a late number.

"R. A. F."—The equestrian statue of George IV. shall be engraved in our next.

"F. S. T. S. E."—Area is correct.

"N. A. P."—All music published in our journal is perfectly original.

"J. B. K."—Windsor, is thanked, but the occasion is not of sufficient importance for illustration.

"H. D. G."—We have repeatedly expressed our condemnation of the silent system at the Pentonville Prison, but we cannot print our correspondent's long letter on the subject.

"An Admiring Subscriber."—The subject shall not be lost sight of.

"J. R."—Ballina, should order Vol. III. of the nearest bookseller, when he may obtain it free of carriage.

"A Subscriber."—Rutland-square, should apply to Messrs. Johnstone, Edenderry, Dublin.

"A Constant Subscriber."—Thorney.—The plan would be of little interest at present.

"E. C."—Liverpool.—Certainly.

"Cornishensis."—First and second bells."

"J. H."—Cathedral Hall.—The plates are on steel.

"A Constant Reader."—Manchester.—The title of Esquire is given by courtesy to all professional men.

"An Admirer."—We have not room.

"J. G."—Rotherham.—We do not lend our engravings, as they are continually required for reprints.

"Fax."—Astronomer.—The numbers shall be forwarded on the receipt of the remittance.

"H. E."—Certainly.

Mr. Rutter, of the Gas-works, Brighton, is thanked for his description of his Gaslight and Lamp Ventilator.

"Hibernia."—Her Majesty will in all probability visit Ireland next summer, if the country be peaceable.

"R. M."—The Conservatory at Chatsworth will appear.

"E. H. C."—Southampton.—No.

"Can-but-ask."—Charivari is rough music. The accent is on the third syllable.

"Juvenis."—To become a wood-engraver of moderate talent, an apprenticeship must be served.

"C."—We are not aware of our correspondent's capabilities.

"An Old and Constant Subscriber," Stafford, should consult the Nest of Kin List, at Deacon's Coffee-house, Walbrook.

CHESS.—"Clio Viator."—That is the correct title; we do not know the publisher. The games will all appear. You will find several problems in Polish draughts in Walker's "Philidorian," published three or four years since.

"Edward."—We have not room, nor should we like to point out errors in other publications. Write to the editor, and let him rectify it: mistakes will occur.

"Tyro" shall be answered early.

* * * The completion of Mr. Miller's tale of "Mabel Marchmont" will be found at page 46.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1844.

In another part of our paper will be found reports of the Roman Catholic Aggregate Meeting, and also of the commencement of the State Trials—together with a letter from the correspondent whom we have sent over to Dublin for the purpose of watching the present momentous proceedings. We shall not here meddle with the religious question of Catholic exclusion from the jury; we have already said that, were they all Protestant or all Catholic, the obligation of their oath will be sufficient, and that they will conduct their most responsible investigation in the true spirit of that noble citizenship which contemplates the administration of justice, and justice only, without distinction of party or of creed. Nor have we heard from Ireland the slightest complaint of the jury that has been struck. They are Protestants, but all moderate men as politicians—and as citizens of undoubted respectability; and we were glad to find Mr. Fitzgibbon, when advocating the challenge for Mr. O'Connell, emphatically declaring his perfect reliance in their integrity, and his perfect conviction that justice was as attainable at their hands as at the hands of a Jury selected by the traversers themselves. His objection was, that they were selected from an incomplete list—and one, therefore, contrary to the spirit of the Act of Parliament.

Now, in the spirit of fairness, which we hope always to see a characteristic of this journal, we have a few words to say upon this head; and at once we confess that we have grave doubts whether, if the literal law had been administered without the intrusion of other considerations, the O'Connell challenge was not really good. The Judges, with one dissentient, disallowed it, and permitted the demurrer; and to the wisdom of their decision we must defer, without, however, admitting a positive conviction that it was law. It is perfectly compatible with circumstances that it might have been *justice*, and yet not *law*—and that is what we think it was.

We hold it to have been justice, because in so grave a matter as this great trial, we do not think it would have been well or wise to have destroyed an un-impugned jury on account of any mere lapsus of the law. We are as convinced that the traversers will get justice from the present jury, as we are that they have life and hope; and, therefore, we do not think that a challenge, built upon a blunder, ought to be the means of delaying so solemn and serious a trial. We feel certain that the accused cannot be injured by the refusal of the challenge; and, therefore, we feel that its refusal was justice, and that the judges exercised a fair discretion in making their own law under the circumstances, and crushing the mischievous power of a quibble in such a cause.

But while declaring our impartial conviction in this matter, we have a bitter complaint to make against the commission of the grossly neglectful and careless blunder which admitted the possibility of that quibble being mooted at all. It would appear that one slip of names, in the long list which was struck by the Recorder, was dropped in a public office, and that, consequently, those names were omitted from the general roll, from which the forty-eight persons, from whom the jury are ultimately selected, are balloted. A good and sufficient jury was obtained, notwithstanding the omission, and no doubt the traversers remain unscathed. But the omission itself was disgraceful, and public officers who allow such accidents to damage the efficiency of their office, ought to be dismissed. It is quite true that, if all the names had been on the list, it would, most probably, have made not the slightest difference in the ballot, but that the same men would have come out that did come out as it was; but that consideration furnishes no excuse for a public officer's dropping fifty or sixty of the citizens of Dublin upon the floor! It is the second blunder that has occurred in respect to these trials, and although the Attorney-General is not in this instance to blame, yet we declare that the fact of any blunder occurring at all is most seriously and severely reprehensible. It tends most certainly to degrade the Crown, and to excite suspicion in partial minds—and remember that nearly all minds are partial, at such a crisis—and that every straw will naturally be caught by those who side with the accused. And this present mistake has been so caught at—it has formed the basis of an important public meeting, and of law proceedings of tedious magnitude and ruinous expense—has delayed the trials one entire day—filled men's minds with suspicious animosities—and created a sensation anything but favourable either to the cause of justice or the conduct of the prosecution. We write this regretfully, but we also write truly—and although our frankness may create in some quarters a not unnatural displeasure, the spirit of this journal is a spirit synonymous with a fearless enunciation of the truth.

In most countries where distress and destitution prevail, the warmest sympathy and readiest relief are generally to be found amongst those classes who border nearest upon indigence; but in England this "fellow feeling" appears not to exist, for whilst the benevolent wealthy are engaged in devising schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, the small tradesmen and shopkeepers are everywhere employed in perpetrating the most heartless and diabolical robberies on those whose emaciated forms might well awaken feelings of humanity in the most depraved. We are aware how exceedingly unjust

it is to judge of classes by the "scoundrel few," who are detected. But the proceedings in the Court of Aldermen last week, which will be found in another part of our paper, betray such a wide spread infection of fraud and chicanery, that one can hardly contemplate with patience the existence of such a general conspiracy to cheat the poor. It is not, however, in the matter of false balances, or in defective weight or measure alone, that this nefarious hostility to the indigent poor prevails, for wholesome food or liquor, administered in quantities, however small, might still in some degree palliate the stealthy acquisitiveness of the dealer; but when we find them poisoning, by wholesale, articles of consumption of daily necessity to the poor, we cannot hesitate to expose such unblushing villainy, or lend our assistance in procuring retribution

ROYAL VISIT TO WARWICK CASTLE.—We have reason to believe that her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, intends to honour the Earl and Countess of Warwick with a visit at Warwick Castle. The precise period of the visit has not yet transpired, as the day is not determined on. From the interior of that noble castellated residence being in an excellent state of repair, and its commodious and splendid apartments having, since the present earl succeeded to the honours of his ancestors, been elaborately decorated, and re-embellished, but trifling preparation is necessary to complete any arrangements that may be required for the comfort and convenience of the Queen and her august Consort. The Earl of Warwick is one of her Majesty's lords in waiting. Should the contemplated visit of royalty be deferred until the spring, that ancient baronial residence, with the natural beauties with which it is surrounded, will be seen to much greater advantage than at this dull period of the season, when winter has cast its cheerless mantle around its precincts.

Sir Robert Peel has issued cards for a grand parliamentary dinner on Wednesday, the 31st instant, at which the Right Hon. Baronet will read the Royal Speech on opening Parliament, to his numerous guests.

The Dowager Countess of Leicester and the Right Hon. E. Ellice, M.P., have arrived at Rome from Naples. They are expected to leave that city on the 8th of next month for Nice, en route to this country. The Earl of Leicester is expected in town the first week in next month to take the oaths and his seat in the House of Lords on coming of age.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and several of the cabinet ministers had interviews on Wednesday morning with Sir Robert Peel, at the right hon. baronet's residence, Whitehall Gardens.

The Duke of Bordeaux, accompanied by a brilliant suite, left London early on Saturday morning, by the General Steam Navigation Company's ship Earl of Liverpool, for Ostend.

SIR AUGUSTUS D'ESTE.—We hear that no opposition will be offered to the application of Sir Augustus D'Este, for being allowed to take the title of his late father, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and that her Majesty has expressed a desire that the question should be settled as speedily as possible.

A marriage is on the tapas between a gallant officer, son of a noble and learned lord, and the accomplished sister of an M.P. for one of the midland counties. The Earl of Enniskillen will be shortly united to Miss Casamajor. Lord Newport's marriage with the Hon. Miss Forester will take place at the close of the present month.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.—It is with regret we announce the death of the Marquis of Hastings, which took place on Saturday evening at Southampton, where the Marquis, accompanied by his amiable Marchioness, had arrived from Bournemouth, for the advantage of medical advice. The late George Augustus Francis Rawdon-Hastings, Marquis of Hastings, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Earl of Moira, county Down, and Baron Rawdon, of Moira, in the Irish peerage, was second son of Francis, first Marquis—the distinguished Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of India—by Flora-Mure Campbell, in her own right Countess of Loudoun, who died in 1841. He was born on the 4th of February, 1808, so that the deceased had not attained his 36th year. On the death of his gallant father, 28th November, 1826, whose elder son died an infant, he succeeded to the honours of the family. The late Marquis married, on the 1st of August, 1831, Barbara Yelverton, in her own right Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, by whom his lordship leaves issue one son, Paulyn Reginald Serio, Earl of Rawdon, born June 2, 1832, who of course becomes Marquis of Hastings by his father's death; and, we believe, four youthful daughters, who have thus early in life to deplore the loss of an affectionate father. The families of Lord and Lady George William Russell, Marquis of Ailesbury, Mr. Hamilton Fitzgerald, and many others of distinction, are placed in mourning by the Marquis's demise.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

CHURCH AUXILIARY MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday, the general meeting of this association took place at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street. John Labouchere, Esq., in the chair. The chairman having demonstrated at some length the objects of the association, the secretary read the report, from which it appeared that the operations of its members had extended with considerable success to India, Africa, and New Zealand, the island of Ceylon, and to other foreign countries. The report was received.

NEWSPAPERS TO CHINA.—The following notice was issued on Tuesday at St. Martin's-le-Grand and the branch offices:—"General Post-office, January, 1844. The Postmaster-General has reason to fear that some misapprehension exists with regard to the transmission of newspapers to China not addressed to Hong Kong, and he considers it necessary therefore to point out that such newspapers are liable to a postage of 2d. each, when forwarded by private ships or by packet *via* Southampton and Bombay, and to a postage of 3d. when forwarded *via* Marseilles. This postage must be paid in advance, or the newspapers cannot be forwarded. This regulation does not apply to Hong Kong, to which colony newspapers may be forwarded *via* Southampton free of postage; when, however, they are transmitted *via* Marseilles, or by private ships, they are subject to a postage of 3d. and 1d. each respectively. By command, W. L. MABELLY, Secretary."

COURT OF ALDERMEN.—At a Court of Aldermen held at Guildhall, on Tuesday last, for the dispatch of general business, a report was presented with regard to the practices of fraudulent tradesmen in the City of London, which presented the following disgraceful detail:—The report specified that 90 publicans had been in the year 1843 summoned and convicted; 40 butchers; 10 bakers; 40 coal dealers and general shopkeepers; 17 greengrocers, cheesemongers, and tallow-chandlers; 3 oil and colourmen; 10 greengrocers; 4 marine-store-owners; 4 tobacconists; 3 metal-dealers; 15 provision-merchants, and 5 wharfingers. The total number convicted, 247; and the number appointed to be heard 30. The report, which was signed by Mr. Knott and Mr. Harvard, the city inspectors, was ordered to be entered on the journals of the Court.

IMPORTATION OF WINE IN 1843.—The total shipment of port wine during the past year, as reported by the Custom-house returns just received from Oporto, amounted to 20,400 pipes. Of that quantity, 21,290 pipes were exported to Great Britain; to Brazil, 2,541; to Hamburg, 879; to the United States, 547; to France, 6; and to other ports, 1,131 pipes. The principal shippers were Messrs. George Sandeman and Co., 2,092 pipes; Hunt, Roppe, and Co., 1,305; Martinez, Gassiot, and Co., 1,256; T. J. Smith, 1,112; Fonseca and Co., 1,062; and Quarles Harris, and Co., 1,016 pipes.

ST. KATHARINE'S DOCKS.—The annual meeting of the proprietors of the St. Katharine Dock Company took place on Tuesday at the Dock House, Tower-hill, and it appeared from the accounts and statement then made, that the credit balance brought forward on Jan. 1, 1843, was £121,184 19s. 9d.; the balance brought forward on the 1st instant, £112,911 18s. 5d. The net profits during the past year have therefore been less than in the preceding year, although by the official returns it seemed that the business transacted in the docks during the year, as regards goods and shipping, had upon the whole increased, when compared with 1842. Mr. Tooke, the chairman, stated that the decrease in the amount of deficient weights and measures was stated to be 3/7; unstamped weights and measures, 13/96; false balances, 163; the total number summoned, 247; the total number convicted, 247; and the number appointed to be heard 30. The report, which was signed by Mr. Knott and Mr. Harvard, the city inspectors, was ordered to be entered on the journals of the Court.

SHOCKING MURDER.—On Thursday an atrocious case of murder was perpetrated at the village of Lochgilphead. An unmarried man, named Peter Campbell, a schoolmaster there, who lived in the same house with his mother and aunt, assaulted his relatives on the day in question, and with a razor almost severed the head of his aunt from her body, from which death of course resulted instantaneously. The infuriated man was in the act of murdering his mother, when her screams attracted the notice of Mr. M'Millan, of the Stag-inn, who burst open the door, and, with a stick, knocked the razor from Campbell's hand, and secured him. The poor woman is severely cut about the face, neck, and arms, and is dangerously ill. The man, regarding whose insanity there can be little doubt, has been taken to Inverary gaol.

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ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

AWFUL SUDDEN DEATH.—On Saturday last, about half-past twelve o'clock, a person employed in the service of Mr. Smith, silk-dyer, at the Eagle, silk-dyeing house, Mile-end-road, suddenly dropped dead upon the premises. Wilson, 230 K, an active and intelligent officer, called in Mr. Lake, surgeon, of Mile-end-road, who at once pronounced that life was quite extinct. The deceased died of apoplexy.

An inquest was held on Saturday, at the White Hart, Turner-street, Commercial-road, on the body of Captain William Moore, who died suddenly in a house of ill-fame, No. 4, Frederick-place, Commercial-road. The wife of the deceased resides at Liverpool. According to the testimony of Ann Johnson, the deceased complained of a pain in his head, and leeches were applied, but he found no relief. The surgeon deposed that the cause of death was delirium tremens. Verdict—"Died by the visitation of God."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—Soon after two o'clock on Monday morning nearly the whole of the brigade, engines in the metropolis, were called out to an extensive fire raging in the vicinity of Clerkenwell, for a considerable time, illuminated nearly the whole of London. On their arrival at Turnmill-street, it was discovered to have originated on the premises in the occupation of Mr. Downes, poulticer and egg-merchant, (consisting of a warehouse, chiefly composed of wood, situated in the rear of the dwelling house), No. 22, in the above-mentioned thoroughfare. The first object of the police, after the alarm had been raised, was to attempt to save a large stock of live pigeons, to the extent, it was said, of one thousand three hundred, but it was found impracticable, consequently the whole of them fell a sacrifice to the ravages of the flames, as also a valuable horse that was in a stable at the basement of the burning building. Directly the engines arrived they were got to work; and there appearing little chance of saving the warehouse, the operations of the brigadiers were directed to preventing the adjacent property igniting, which, after some time, they succeeded in, although it was near six o'clock before the fire was safely subdued. Several other houses were more or less injured.

AWFUL INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.—On Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, a vestry was held at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Mr. Pepper in the chair. The respected vestry-clerk, Mr. Simon Stephenson (who has held the situation for fifty years), recorded the names of the gentlemen present, and read the minutes of the last vestry in an audible and clear voice, and was in the act of taking the book for the signature of the chairman, when he fell senseless, and in a few moments expired without a groan. Dr. Todd, and several medical gentlemen were on the spot within five minutes, but their exertions were of no avail. His loss will be deeply felt by his numerous family and friends.

CAUTION TO MOTHERS.—An inquest was held before G. Ireland Mills, Deputy Coroner, at the Phoenix, North-street, Lisson-grove, on the body of Henry Petre, an infant, whose death took place under the following circumstances:—It appeared from the evidence of Hester Petre, the mother, who resides at No. 42, Salisbury-street, North-street, that the deceased was a twin child, aged seven weeks. On Thursday evening last the mother of the deceased was called upon by a lady connected with the District Visiting Society attached to the Rev. Mr. Law's chapel, in Aberdeen-place, Maida-hill. The deceased infant at the time was restless. The lady (who was in attendance at the inquest) supplied the mother with some of Dalby's cordial, at the same time recommending her to give the infant a tea-spoonful of it, which was administered accordingly. In a short time the child got worse, and subsequently expired in a state of torpor. The Jury, previous to returning their verdict, admonished the lady who recommended the cordial, as to the impropriety of supplying a medicine, of the properties of which she was ignorant. Verdict—"Natural Death."

CORONERS' INQUIRIES.—Mr. Baker held an inquest on Mrs. Alice Burgess, 56, residing with a relative at No. 8, Cross-street, Old-street-road, having killed herself by an excessive indulgence in gin. Verdict—"Apoplexy, brought on by excessive drinking."—On the same day Mr. Baker held an inquest on a newly-born infant, in Turk's-row, Bethnal-green, which had died soon after the administration of some gin and sugar by a nurse. The Jury returned a verdict that "the deceased died five hours after birth, the cause of death not being clearly proved."

DREADFUL DEATH FROM HYDROPHORIA.—On Tuesday, a fine lad, named Enos Hayward, aged fifteen years, expired in St. Thomas's Hospital from hydrophobia. The poor fellow was in the service of Thomas Wermicell, Esq., of Charlton, near Woolwich, as a helper in his stables. About six weeks ago he was bitten by a strange dog which came upon his master's premises, but no particular notice was taken of it, and the wound was nearly healed. On Sunday night last, however, he began to exhibit symptoms of restlessness, which continued during the morning of the following day (Monday) till symptoms of madness began to be developed. The medical gentleman who attended Mr. Wermicell's family advised his immediate removal to St. Thomas's Hospital. He arrived there about five o'clock in the afternoon, and upon being conducted to the ward, he appeared to be perfectly calm, but upon being approached by Dr. Baker, the surgeon in attendance, or the nurses, he started back as if fearful of being touched, and in a short time he became so violent, that it required the united efforts of four powerful men to keep him down upon the bed. At half-past twelve o'clock death put an end to his sufferings. The surgeons of the hospital were unwilling in their attentions to him, but from the dreadful nature of the disease, all efforts to save his life were ineffectual.

FIRE.—About nine o'clock on Monday night, the stables, coach-house, loft, and other outbuildings, the property of Mr. Hollis, surgeon, Lewisham, took fire, and being an old wooden building was speedily consumed, together with three favourite and valuable horses, harness, &c. The groans of the poor animals were exceedingly distressing, but such was the fury of the flames that it was impossible to extricate them. The fire is said to have been occasioned by the carelessness of the coachman.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Saturday evening last, during the progress of the Dover-goods up-train from Folkestone to London, a heifer, belonging to Mr. R. Davis, of Edenbridge, jumped out of the cattle-truck, near Penshurst, and was instantly dashed to pieces. The train at the time was going at full speed. This is the second beast belonging to the same gentleman, who is a director of the railway, which has been killed in like manner within three months.

FIRE.—On Wednesday morning, at two o'clock, a cabman on the stand in Cumberland-market, Regent's-park, discovered flames in the two-pair of the Stag public-house, Cumberland-market. An alarm was instantly given, when Mr. Dennis and the other inmates succeeded in making their escape. In a few minutes after the outbreak engines arrived, and as there was plenty of water, they were set to work; but, owing to the inflammable nature of the materials, the exertions of the firemen were abortive, and the house was gutted and all the property destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A BLIND JEWESS BY FIRE.—On Wednesday Mr. Baker held an inquest at the London Hospital on the body of Catherine Levy, a Jewess, aged 54 years. It appeared by the evidence that the deceased resided with her brother in a room, at No. 10, Fireball-court, Houndsditch. She was totally blind, and such was her extreme state of destitution that she was unable to pay any one to attend upon her, and her brother was compelled to leave her at home by herself whilst he sold a few articles in the streets to support them. On Monday morning last he left her, as usual, about ten o'clock. At one the landlord of the house, Mr. Netts, heard a scream of "Oh, I am on fire!" proceeding from deceased's room, and upon going up stairs to ascertain the cause, he found her lying on the floor enveloped in flames. By great exertions he extinguished the fire, and the engines having arrived, one of the firemen got deceased out of the room, and having placed her in a cab took her to the above hospital, where she died on the following morning, the house surgeon said from the effects of the severe burns she had received. Verdict—"Accidental death."

THE DEPTFORD MURDERS.—The wretched woman, Dickenson, who destroyed her infants, and afterwards made an ineffectual attempt on her own life, in Giffen-street, Deptford, on the 10th instant, remains in a very precarious state. The wound in her throat is going on as well as can be expected, but, from the fact of the windpipe being seriously injured, her recovery is extremely doubtful. The Rev. Mr. Finch, the rector of the parish, is constant in his attendance, and the churchwardens have undertaken to provide every necessary comfort for her. On Tuesday her husband was permitted to have an interview with her for the first time since the night of the melancholy catastrophe. The poor woman's mind appears tolerably tranquil, and her subsequent conduct strengthens the presumption that she committed the rash acts in a moment of desperation brought on by the prospect of starvation. The unfortunate children were buried on Wednesday morning, in the burial-ground attached to St. Paul's Church, the father and two uncles of the deceased following their remains to the grave. Prior to the coffins being screwed down, at the earnest solicitation of the wretched mother, she was allowed to take a last look at her innocent offspring, the coffin being brought to her bedside. The scene, as may easily be imagined, was one of the most distressing nature.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE NEW-ROAD.—Tuesday as an elderly widow lady was crossing the New-road, near Euston-square, in her hurry her foot slipped, and she pitched headlong under the wheel of a cabriolet 94, which was rapidly passing at the moment. The driver immediately pulled up and rendered every assistance to be extinct; but medical gentleman, who happened to be present, declared life to be extinct; both wheels had passed over the unfortunate lady's neck. As there was no means of recognising who she was, she was conveyed to the workhouse. The deceased was very respectably dressed, and apparently about fifty years of age, and very healthy appearance.

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SIGNAL FIRES IN IRELAND.

These "mysterious symptoms of illegal confederation" have almost ceased in Ireland; but, at the suggestion of several subscribers, we present our readers with a picturesque memorial of one of these demonstrations. Happily, such records as those of the following, by no means uncommon, a short time since, are now "few and far between."—Signal fires have illuminated the country in all directions this evening."—"The country was again in a blaze last night."

"Travelling last evening from Athlone to Bannagher, as soon as it grew dark I saw the whole country lighted up in every direction with balefires. I passed close to two of these fires; one was on the top of an old castle, and was of straw; the other was a large bundle of blazing straw held upon a fork by a countryman, and a circle of men were sitting close by. I fancy many of the fires were of this kind, for I could perceive they were raised up and down. I observed a lantern tied up in a high tree. I also observed that in a moment the fires were extinguished, and blazed up simultaneously after a pause of some minutes."—"Last night the country all round was filled with bonfires. The police reckoned 27."—"On Saturday night last, and again on last night, the hills in all directions, as far as the eye could reach, were brilliantly illuminated by signal fires, and the stillness was broken by loud huzzas, accompanied with the blowing of horns, as each fire was got up."—"Between the hours of eight and nine o'clock last night, simultaneous fires blazed on the hills around Clara, and as far as the eye could reach; horns sounded, and many shots were fired."—"On Thursday evening, our peaceful, loyal, and once happy town was thrown into the greatest state of excitement by the sudden burst of fires on all the surrounding hills; and, indeed, as far as the eye could reach nothing but blaze after blaze was visible on every eminence. This was accompanied by the most terrific shouting and cheering. The movement was the most appalling thing ever witnessed in this neighbourhood."

The precise locality of our engraving (from a sketch by James Mahony, Esq.) is a view from the Slievenamon mountains, between Cashel and Tipperary, with the Rock of Cashel in the middle distance, and the long chain of mountains extending into the King's and Queen's Counties, and joining those of Tipperary, with the famous Devil's Bit in the distance.

EVERY BODY'S COLUMN.

(From the German of Uhland.)

Since silently at eventide,
Thou who visit'st earth's bright bowers,
Gatherest what God has there supplied.—
The golden fruits and balmy flowers;
Spare, then, O Death, the happy child,
That to its mother's life-breast clings,
And, as the lullaby she sings,
Up to her fond eye glances mild!
O, leave her new-born sons to earth—
Whose strength the storms of life shall prove—
That joyful sounds may issue forth
From lonely glen and wither'd grove!
Extinguish not the wise of soul,
Around whose sun-like light divine,
As in the circling dance they shine,
Secure, youthful planets roll.
But, on the silver-cloud's bright wing,
Calmly repair when stars appear,
To where a grey-beard, worshipping,
Doth consecrate his evening tear;

T. G.

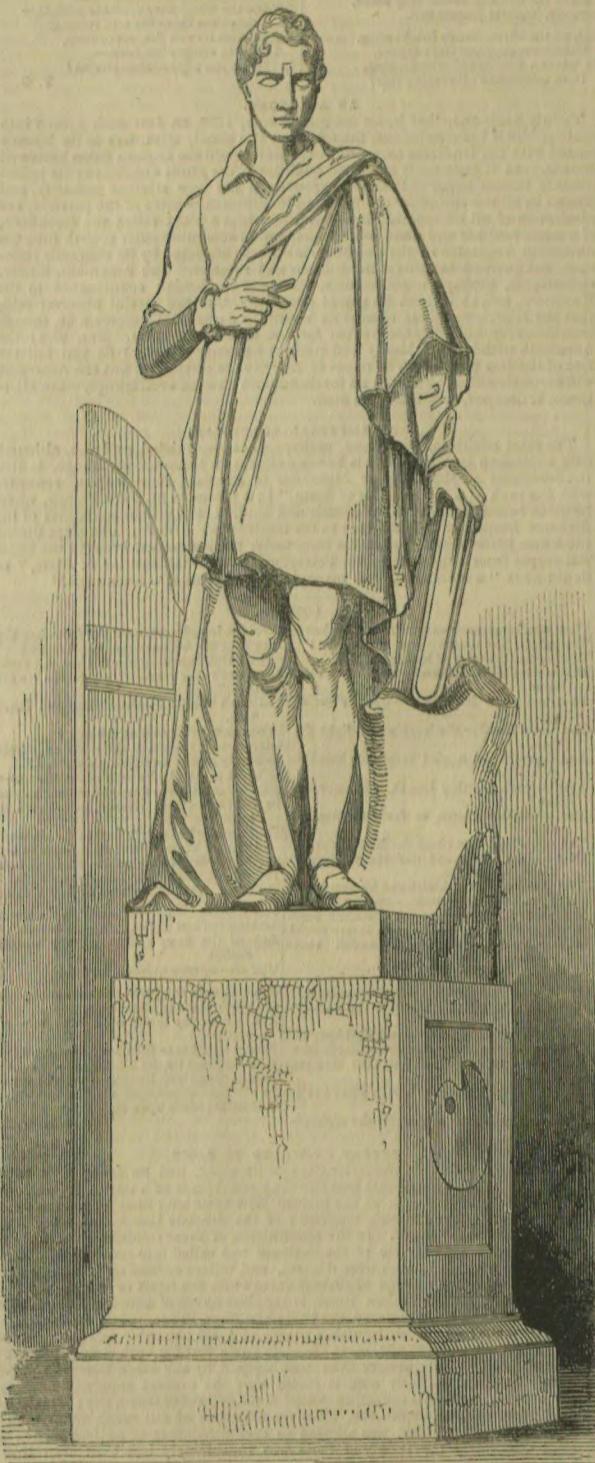
AN ALLEGORY.
Twenty years ago, that is, on the 9th of July, 1823, an Amaranth sprang into vitality. This beautiful plant, the offspring of a goodly stem, was in its infancy nursed with the tenderest care, and it has well repaid the anxious pains bestowed upon it. As it grew up it exhibited qualities of the rarest excellence; its indescribable virtues expanded with its growth; it has now attained maturity, and admiration of all beholders. It so happened that a plant called the Hawthorn, of a much rougher and more homely hue, and of somewhat older growth than the Amaranth, vegetated in the neighbourhood, was attracted by its magnetic influence, and yearned towards it for succour and support. The Amaranth, kindly, endearingly, perhaps unconsciously, extended its benign countenance to the Hawthorn, and so infused its genial properties, that the careful observer said, that the Hawthorn might change its unseemly nature and become a fit, though humble—very humble—companion for the fairest of flowers. But, alas! the Amaranth withdrew its kindly and needful succour. Reader! do you ask the fate of the two plants? The pages of futurity are unopened, but the Amaranth will certainly still bloom on in its loveliness and flourish everlasting—the Hawthorn, it drooped, it withered, it died.

AN IMPERIAL COACHMAN.
The most celebrated coachman, perhaps, that ever existed, and who, although only a common bearded Russ, is become almost an historical personage, is Ilia, the coachman of the Emperor Alexander of Russia. He now lives, rewarded with the rank of a "Councillor of State," in a palace in St. Petersburg, where he gives entertainments to his friends and kindred, and relates anecdotes of the deceased Emperor! He adhered to his master even in death, and slept during the whole journey, wrapped in his furs, under the heartsease that brought the imperial corpse from Taganrog to St. Petersburg. As "Councillor of State," no doubt he is "a crack hand" at managing the "reins of Government."

LONDON.
Thou wondrous mart—what city like to thee!
Thy palaces and towers—how fair they be!
Ten thousand homes of luxury are thine,
Where matchless skill and pure taste combine—
To grace each lofty hall:—what cheering hues,
Te grace each lofty hall:—

STATUE OF SIR DAVID WILKIE, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This very interesting statue of the late Sir David Wilkie, has just been completed by Mr. Joseph, and placed in the National Gallery, in Trafalgar-square. It represents the late eminent painter in an attitude of contemplation; in the right hand, which crosses the heart, is a pencil, whilst the left holds a book of designs or drawings. The figure is in modern costume, the angles of which are kept down; the whole being rendered classical by a cloak or robe falling in broad folds over the shoulders. The likeness is good; the figure is dignified and simple; and the drapery is admirable. It is placed upon a pedestal of polished marble, and is altogether not only an elegant embellishment to the National Gallery, but a noble memorial of one whose genius has contributed to it some of its proudest ornaments.



MR. JOSEPH'S STATUE OF WILKIE.

The following lines were written in memory of Wilkie, on seeing the above statue:

Thou Poet-Painter! thou whose art
Could charm the eye of ev'ry heart
That feeling had for Painting's beauty,
A worshipper of thine in duty
(Or rather Gratitude for pleasure
Giv'n at thy hand in endless measure)
Some tribute verse would sadly try
To consecrate thy memory!

Though thou, like Lycidas of old,
Sleepest beneath the waters cold—
Unhoused, where friends can never come
To pay fond visits to thy tomb
And mourn the cruelty of Death
That snatch'd away too soon such breath—
Thou livest here in marble truth,
As when thou wert in very youth
Of thy eternal muse's spring!
Genius (to Genius offering!)

Hero raises what is best tomb-stone,
The semblance of A GREAT MAN GONE!
A man?—a wizard—who could reach
The inmost thought with silent speech
Of his mute poems, and like Burns,
Could be both grave and gay by turns!
Thou limner of a various kind,
A Hogarth with more gentle mind—
Peace to thy manes!—for thy name,—
'Tis in th' eternal care of Fame!

W.

THE STATE PROSECUTIONS IN IRELAND.

PENCILINGS FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN.

This civic body has been so identified with the state prosecutions, Mr. O'Connell himself being an Alderman of it, the first Lord Mayor that was elected since the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, and the extraordinary fact occurring of his going in civic state to the Queen's Bench on Monday, that very little excuse need be offered for introducing it amongst our notices of men and things connected with the Irish State Trials, which now absorb so much of public attention. The great majority of the members of the Dublin Corporation are Liberals, and of these there are few indeed, if any, who are not Repealers. The late Lord Mayor, Mr. Roe, is a Whig, and opposed to a Repeal of the Union. He is one of the most respectable and wealthy distillers in Ireland, and in his public and private life has endeared himself to persons of all political shades and parties by his kind and affable bearing, and his sentiments of liberality in the true sense of the word. His hospitality, and that on a very splendid scale, has been also long spoken of; and at his table may be met whatever is most agreeable in the rank and talent of the Irish metropolis.



His successor, Mr. O'Brien, is a very worthy honest man—the architect of his own fortune, which is now an ample one, and a man, whether standing in the square of the Commercial Buildings, or sitting at the head of his own hospitable board, is equally respected or respectable. He is a Repealer, like the vast majority of his civic brethren; and if he were one of O'Connell's jury, there can be little doubt—and his Lordship would not feel offended if he were told—that he would eat his robes and the mace, if possible, piecemeal, before he would consent to find his political leader guilty.

Mr. M'Laughlen has led a noiseless, blameless life; has realized considerable wealth, and is highly respected as a Dublin merchant. The Town Clerk, Mr. Forde, has a separate notice amongst the solicitors for the defence. As the Recorder, and Alderman Butt, who is a Professor of Trinity College and a Barrister-at-Law, have been more prominently before the public on various occasions, and in more prominent situations, separate notices of them are subjoined.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK SHAW,
RECORDER OF DUBLIN AND M.P. FOR THE IRISH UNIVERSITY.

was born in the year 1799, in Merrion-square, Dublin, and is the second son of Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., who married the sole daughter and heiress of Abraham Wilkinson, Esq., of Bushy Park, in the county of Dublin. Sir Robert was member for the city of Dublin in seven successive Parliaments, and was a man much beloved and esteemed in public and private life. The distinguished subject of the present notice entered the Dublin University in the year 1816, and distinguished himself in science during his first academic year, after which he took a "Bene Decessit," and was admitted of Brasenose College, Oxford. At the latter university he graduated in 1819, and took his master's degree subsequently at Dublin. When in London,

keeping terms for the Irish Bar, it was remarked that, instead of spending his nights in gay or fashionable society, he devoted the best part of them, whilst Parliament was sitting, to hearing the debates in one or other of the houses, fancying, in a very laudable and natural spirit of ambition, that he might one day be called by his destiny to succeed his father in the representation of his native city. He was called to the Irish bar in the year 1822, being then in his 23rd year. From an early period of his forensic life he gave fair promise of future eminence. His first success was in the Court of Exchequer, on a demurrer, some of the chief members of the bar being divided on the point in question. On that occasion he was highly complimented by the Chief Baron, since Lord Guillamore. He also distinguished himself in the Courts of Chancery and Common Pleas. In 1828 Sir Jonas Green, the Recorder of the city of Dublin, died, and a most extraordinary canvass took place for the vacant office, there being no less than twelve candidates in the field, of which Mr. Shaw was one. His mild and gentlemanly bearing, industrious habits, and high talents, together with the great respect which the Corporation of Dublin always entertained for his father, enabled him to triumph over his competitors. Unfortunately for his prospects at the bar and the high hopes which his numerous friends had entertained of his future forensic success, an act of Parliament, passed but four years previously, excluded the Recorder of Dublin from practising as a barrister. There exists but little doubt in the minds of all who knew him at the bar and had been witnesses of his early successful efforts, that had he not sought this appointment, but pursued the steady drudgery of the Four Courts, he would in all probability have been to-day one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Irish Bench. In 1830 he was called into active political life, and was returned to Parliament that year with Mr. George Moore for the city of Dublin



SIGNAL FIRES.—See preceding page.

LEGAL PORTRAITS.



MR. CLEMENTS.

MR. PIERCE MAHONY.

MR. GARTLAN.

MR. HAYES.

MR. CANTWELL.

on the Conservative interest, Mr. Henry Grattan being defeated on the occasion. He was not long in Parliament before he broke a spear in a very graceful and spirited style with a rather dashing and showy opponent, no less a personage than O'Gorman Mahon, the member for Clare. The latter had presented a petition from some person confined in the Green-street prison, Dublin, complaining of lengthened incarceration in consequence of the Recorder being absent, attending to his Parliamentary duties. Mr. Shaw's answer was smart and striking, and his pleasant humour and lively wit, displayed in personal allusion to his assailant, who had been rather personal in his attack, it was thought on the Conservative side of the House, afforded much amusement at the time. He was re-elected at the general election in 1831 with Lord Ingestre for the city of Dublin, the defeated candidates being Mr. Latouche, the eminent banker, and Mr. O'Loughlen, afterwards created a baronet and Master of the Rolls in Ireland. After the passing of

the Reform Bill he was returned with Mr. Lefroy for the University of Dublin, the defeated candidates on that occasion being Mr. (now Judge) Crampton, and the Hon. George Ponsonby, brother-in-law of the premier, Earl Grey. Amongst his many successful efforts as a parliamentary orator, that which he made in defence of the late Baron Smith against Mr. O'Connell's charges, in 1834, stands pre-eminently the first, and placed him at the head of the Irish Conservative party in the House of Commons. During Sir Robert Peel's short administration that year, he refused official station; but accepted the rank of a privy councillor. The Right Honourable Frederick Shaw, now in his forty-fourth year, is of an extremely dignified appearance, of manly figure, with a fine handsome countenance, of engaging manner, most gentlemanly address, cool and collected in thought, and intrepid in delivery. He has incurred the enmity of his former friends and patrons, the old Corporation of Dublin, and has displeased the violent portion of the Conservatives of

that city generally, by standing by Sir Robert Peel's policy, and yielding to what he considered the expediency of the times and the wisdom of his political leader; but with the right hon. baronet, the Duke of Wellington, and the chief men of his party in both houses of Parliament he is a great favourite, whilst by the members of the opposition he is much respected, and by none, it is said, more so than Mr. O'Connell himself. The right honourable gentleman married Thomasine Emily, daughter of the Honourable Judge Jocelyn, uncle to the present Earl of Roden, by whom he has five sons and three daughters, and between himself and his eldest child there is only a difference of twenty years.

ALDERMAN BUTT, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Mr. Butt is the son of a clergyman who held a benefice in the north of Ireland. After his entrance in the university of Dublin, his course was distinguished in both science and classics. Among them may be noticed an university scholarship, in 1831. He was elected, on a strict examination, against distinguished competitors, Professor of Political Economy, in 1836, and in 1838 was called to the Irish bar.

His success in the university proved him a scholar; his contributions to the "University Magazine" made him known at the same time as an elegant writer; while his speeches at public meetings, on the stirring events of the time, gave him another claim to a distinguished reputation.

During the debates on the subject of Irish corporations he had warmly attached himself to the party of their defenders, and for this reason the Corporation of Dublin selected him to be their advocate at the bar of the House of Commons when their dissolution was threatened, in 1840.

Without referring to the policy of that measure, it must be admitted by all that Mr. Butt fulfilled the utmost expectations of his clients, and received most flattering compliments from members of both houses of Parliament.

After a display of great talent in a position so distinguished, it might be supposed that his after course was a series of triumphs. Such has not been the case.

Mr. Butt seems to have identified himself personally with his clients' cause, and to have regarded as personal enemies those Conservatives who did not uphold the old corporations. Hearing some over-heated expressions used by inconsiderate members of both houses, as warmly did he repeat them to the disadvantage and dispraise of the Recorder of Dublin, one of the representatives of the Dublin University.

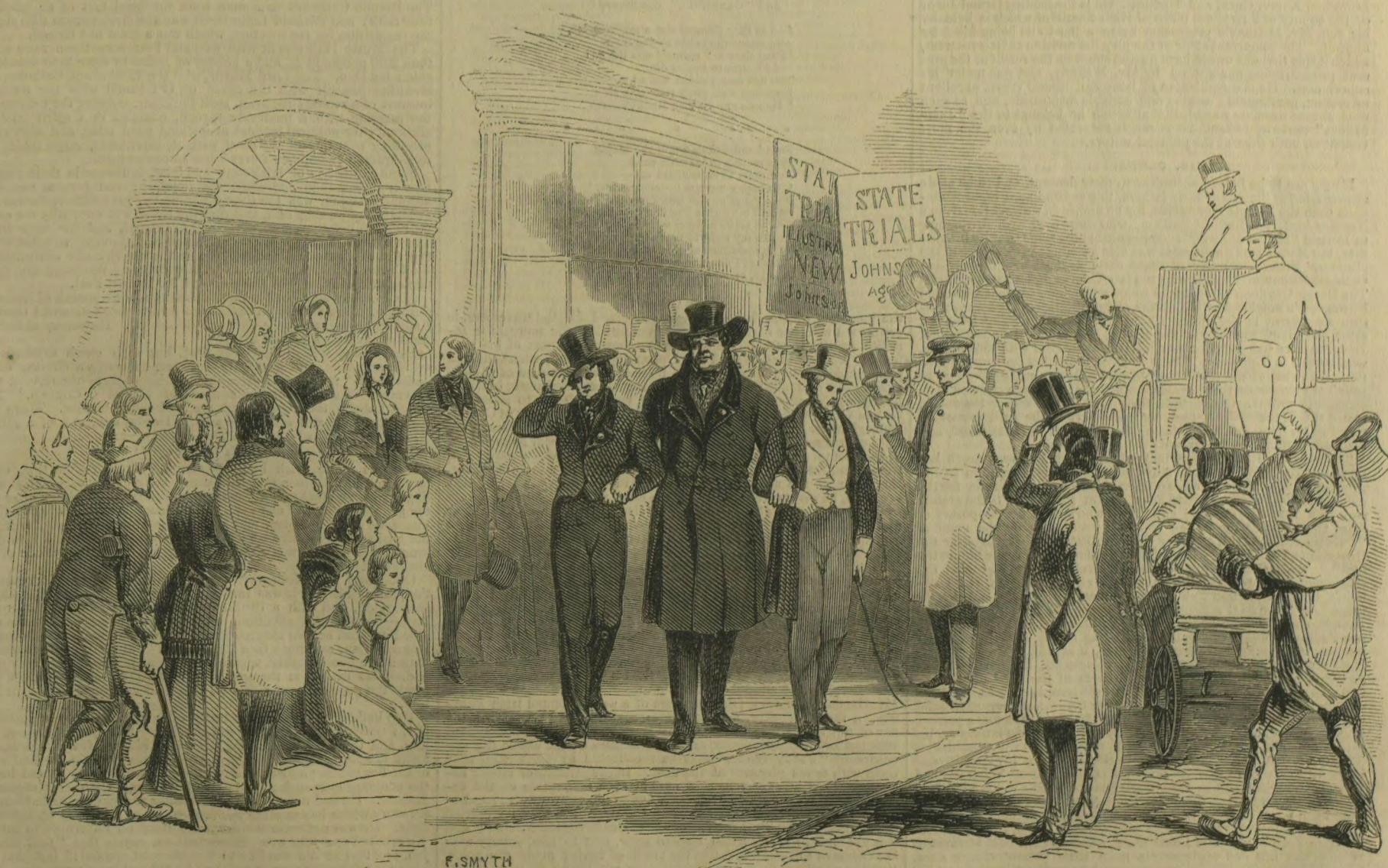
Mr. Butt no doubt supposed that his rising name was sufficient to balance the reputation of the Recorder, and, urged on by the disappointed corporators, he raised a storm of odium against Mr. Shaw.

The elections of 1841 succeeded, and a few thought it not improbable that, under the circumstances, the Recorder might be ousted; but a short canvass, producing nearly 1300 adherents, including the heads of the Irish church, university, and bar, proved at once how rash the charges had been, and, at the same time, a sad blow to Mr. Butt's growing reputation. Since that period his conduct has gradually won the approval of the moderate men of his party, and his silence on the subject of his charges has evinced good sense, as well as that he was in some degree sorry for his rashness.

Of late he has been noted for eloquent addresses in the new Corporation of Dublin, of which he was elected an alderman; and in particular, by the prominent part which he took in an interesting debate on the subject of the Repeal of the Union, against the great Dan himself. Both parties came to the case full of their subject, and the result, in the estimation of the anti-repeal party in Dublin, was deemed anything but the "impar congressus Achille," and gave the utmost satisfaction to Mr. Butt's friends.

MR. FORDE, TOWN CLERK.

has enjoyed for many years a high rank in his profession, and, although a political attorney, connected with the Liberal party, his clientele was not altogether confined to it. His father, who was prominently connected with the same party in far more disastrous and trying times, drew the attention of the Irish Government authorities towards him in the year 1796, and, having lived through the troubles which followed, died, unlike many of the leaders of his party, in his bed, in the year 1800. On one occasion, in the dead of the night, a magistrate—a clergyman, too—broke into his bed-chamber, with the purpose of arresting him; but he escaped, by the heroism of his wife, who held a dagger to his assailant's breast, whilst he made good his flight from the house. He afterwards, however, gave himself up; but Mrs. Forde never recovered from the effect of that frightful night, but gradually drooped and died. Their youngest son, Mr. William Forde, the town-clerk of Dublin, and one of the solicitors for the traversers, took a leading part in the agitation which preceded the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and afterwards confined himself chiefly to professional pursuits. He never sought Whig patronage, when that party were in power; and I am not quite sure that he ever thought much about them as a party. A



F. SMYTH

O'CONNELL, HIS SONS, JOHN AND DANIEL, AND PARTY, ON THEIR WAY TO THE FOUR COURTS.

time arrived, however, when he thought he might honestly appeal to the good feelings of his political friends, amongst his own fellow-citizens; and their recollection of his past services caused his election, on the 8th November, 1842, to the important civic office which he now fills, with great credit to himself and advantage to the city of Dublin. This fact has been not long since acknowledged, at the close of his first year of office, by an unanimous vote of thanks awarded to him by the Corporation; which vote was moved by Alderman Kinahan, and seconded by Alderman Boyce—both Conservatives. It may not be uninteresting to mention, after this public acknowledgment, that Mr. Forde was elected last year without the aid of a single Conservative vote, and that Mr. O'Connell had previously thrown his influence into the opposite scale. When attacked at law, however, and within the same year that he opposed Mr. Forde's appointment to the civic office, he selected him as attorney for his defence. This fact, singular as it may appear, reflects no discredit on either party; but, on the contrary, only affords another proof of the characteristic sagacity of the one, and says much for the professional talent of the other.

THE SOLICITORS

come next, men of mark, and of the first rank in their branch of the legal profession. The solicitors' body in Ireland stands, for the most part, very high, the black sheep, or scamps of the profession being—not as in other parts of the empire—the exceptions. Hence it is that the attorney in Ireland mixes on terms of equality in the friendly social circle with the majority of the bar. The *esprit du corps* of the Irish solicitors has now and then been put seriously to the test, and never more so than on a recent occasion when it obtained an apology from an eminent barrister for what the body thought an unjustifiable attack on their character.

THE SOLICITORS FOR THE DEFENCE.

MR. MAHONY,

for general business, long standing, and eminent rank in his profession, may, without exciting envy, be placed at the head of these. His head is very finely developed one, and, to look at it, you would at once say, without pretending to great phrenological skill, that there was more in it than you'd learn in a twelvemonth and a day. He has filled a large space in the public eye in his time, and, although much more engaged against agitation than for it, it is a singular fact that whenever the great agitator perceived the waves swelling mountain high, the winds blowing great guns (greater even than the present Attorney-General), and his troubled bark driving on the iron-bound shore of legal prosecution, he has generally called in his friend to assist at the helm, and Pierce was the pilot to weather the storm. Mr. Mahony assisted, in the year 1829, in getting up the great Protestant meeting in Dublin, before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and wrote the resolutions, which were submitted and agreed to on that occasion. He has been always opposed to the repeal of the union. In October, 1830, he got up the celebrated Leinster declaration against it, and at the last summer assizes he led the way in a similar one from the grand jury of the county of Kerry. In April, 1829, when Mr. O'Connell went to take his seat in the House of Commons for Clare, and it was contended by the Crown lawyers that the Emancipation Act had a retrospective effect against his recent return, the committee decided that he was legally and properly returned. He then went to demand his seat. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald petitioned against him, and Mr. Mahony was agent for Mr. O'Connell against the petition. A friend of mine, an Irish member, told me, not long since, that he never shall forget Mr. Mahony's activity and tact on that occasion. Whilst O'Connell spoke at the bar, he merely used a small slip of paper, on which was written the heads of his address, and his books and references were handed to him one by one by his solicitor. The seats at the back were rather thinly occupied on the occasion. When Mr. O'Connell had terminated his address, however, the seats were filled with stars and foreign orders. In front sat Louis Philippe, his son, the late Duke of Orleans, and some members of the French embassy. Louis Philippe and O'Connell! What peculiar destinies have pursued them since that eventful evening! What strange ones may still await them!

Mr. Mahony was returned member of Parliament for the borough of Kinsale, in 1837, and was unseated on petition. The point in question was one of residence, which the twelve judges had previously decided in the Coleraine case; but Parliamentary Committee law decided it against Mr. Mahony. He could have sat for Limerick had he consented to a droll request made of him by the repealers of that city, not to vote against repeal, although they gave him full permission to speak against it. This delicate compliment, paid not alone to his political consistency, but to his oratorical powers, Mr. Mahony refused to accept. There has scarcely been a great work undertaken for the benefit of Ireland, for many years back, with which Mr. Mahony has not been connected. Under his auspices were commenced the Provincial Bank, the Drogheda and Kingstown Railroads, the Ulster Canal, and the Government plan of railroads for Ireland. He possesses considerable property in the counties of Limerick, Kerry, Cork, and Wicklow. He is the leading Grand Juror of the county of Kerry, the office of High Sheriff of which is held by his son, Mr. Mahony's profession being a bar to its being filled by himself. The important affair of the jury list revision at Green-street, which it was thought would have a great effect on the result of the present prosecutions, was got up by Mr. Mahony, and was under his supervision. He is a gentleman of large and liberal views, excellent education, gentlemanly bearing and amiable disposition, and as such it is almost needless to add, that although he belongs to the "Juste Milieu" party in Ireland, he is much respected by even the most violent on both sides of the political waters.

MR. CANTWELL.

If men are to be judged according to their descent, and to be made answerable for the sins of their fathers, this gentleman is more Sassenach than the Saxons themselves, for he comes in a direct line from a Norman lord, the Baron Cantleone, who came over with Strongbow to Ireland "to help himself," accompanied at the same time by his brother, the Baron De Canteen, who was also anxious to take share of the plunder. From the latter of these early adventurers, the present Catholic Bishop of Meath, who too is a Cantwell, derives his origin. The Baron Cantleone is supposed to have been one of the eighteen of Strongbow's knights who fell on the plains of Kildare, and whose bodies are buried in the Black Abbey in Kilkenny. The Cantwell arms, inscribed over one of the tombs, has led to the supposition. Irish romance has a great many legends connected with this family, who settled in Tipperary. There is a tradition that for four generations the chiefs of the sept "took to wife a Butler maiden," owing to which circumstance their descendants for a long time claimed consanguinity with the Ormonde family. One of the last of the chiefs, called the Black Knight, took an active part in the civil war which raged in his time, and having been taken prisoner, was executed, and his lands forfeited to the Crown.

The subject of my present notice is a young man very much beloved and respected in private life, and of first-rate reputation in his profession, or he should not have been selected as an attorney for the defence in the important state affair now at issue. He is the grandson of a barrister of some eminence, who was a contemporary of Lord Clare, and who at that convivial time went by the name of "Facetious Peter." The latter died in 1794, very shortly after the Government of the day had signified its intention to elevate him to the bench. His sister was married to Mr. Archbold, the owner of the celebrated Padmore mare. Owing to the circumstance of Mr. Archbold's being a Roman Catholic, and according to the disgraceful penal law of the day, a Roman Catholic's horse, if worth a thousand pounds, could be claimed by a Protestant for five, he was obliged to run Padmore under sanction of the name of the then Lord Lansdowne, who shared largely in the profits, it is said, to the great augmentation of the family fortunes. Mr. Cantwell, the barrister, left an only son, who followed the other branch of the legal profession, and who, if he had been alive to-day, would have been just the legal adviser for Rebecca—for he waged a very fierce and very successful war against tolls and customs throughout Ireland. He was a person, it also appears, of considerable literary talent, and his letters on his favourite public grievance in the Irish press, under the signature of T., caused public attention to be drawn seriously towards it, and brought about in course of time the consummation which he had wished for so long and so devoutly. His son seems to have imbibed no small share of his anti-tolls-and-customs propensities, for in the year 1829, when he could have only been just out of his articles, and not more than about 21 years of age, we find him doing battle with the then Lord Mayor, Sir Jacob West, who made the bold attempt to remove the fish and pig markets from their ancient classic sites. This led to a series of conflicts, personal as well as legal, in which the youthful Cantwell was a prominent and principal actor. The civic functionaries had in the end to beat a retreat. One of these

occasions was celebrated in an exceedingly clever lyric production, which appeared in Mr. Sheehan's paper, the *Dublin Evening Mail*. It is really so full of wit and humour of the first order, and as an imitation of Scott, so far superior to the one in the "Rejected Addresses," which is, notwithstanding, very good, that I cannot do better in concluding my notice of its chief hero, than transcribe it.

"WEST-WARD HO!"

A TALE OF THE FISH-MART.

Sir Jacob donned his three-cocked hat,
Gold Chain, and lily wand;
And looked so portable and fat
So Lord-Mayor-like and all to that
That nought could go beyond.

And fiercely to the FISH-MART he
Bent back and shoulder, hip and knee,
Heel—toe—and ankle joint:
Resolved, as monarch absolute
O'er fish and flesh—fresh eggs and fruit,
And vegetables—leaf or root—
No vendor should his right dispute
The market to appoint.

Arrived he views his marshalled force,
Beadles and Peeler, foot and horse,
And constables like-wise;
On t'other side the hostile powers
Were meek *poissardes*, the choicest flowers
That bloom in GREEK-STREET's attic bowers
With all their fair allies.

The boys of Ormond Market there
Stood with clenched fists, and elbows bare
All frying for the broil,
The fish-boats sent a willing band
From Dalkey—Bray—Killiney's strand,
From Rush—and that FINGALLIAN land,
Balruey and Baldyole.

Thus either sex stood prompt to share
The perils of the fray,
HANRATTY ruled it o'er the fair
And CANTWELL fierce as rampant bear
Led on the men that day!

Stunned at the preparations grim
And fearful lest his civic trim
That cased in freshest gloss each limb
Should suffer rent or soil,
Sir Jacob paused—retreated—flew—
Fought least in sight—if all be true
That legends tell—was in a stew:
And from an ale wife's door did view
The progress of the broil.

Now while he looked, a flourish proud
Of marrow bones and cleavers loud,
The kettle and the tong,
Poker and gridiron, pot and pan,
The shriek of woman, shout of man,
Yells such as welcome "Swaggering Dan,"
Thro' Pill-Lane's echoing vista ran,
Mingled with tawdry songs:

Whilst thro' the air in volumes flew
Garbage of every scent and hue.
Halc's heads, without their fins, that day
Swam thro' the elemental fray.
Cods' gills—the tripes of haddocks paunched
Were on the airy regions launched;
Dead cats lavoluted thro' the Heaven,
Nor lit upon their legs:
Rats darted past, like flashing livin
With stinking sprats the air was riven,
And store of rotten eggs.

The Civic Chief, Sir Jacob, felt
His bowls in a joldrum melt;
Yet, with undaunted pluck,
Bethought him, tho' his power was crossed,
"All that's in danger is not lost,"
And to his band the signal tossed,
That they should try their luck.

Forth sallied then a horse police
Amid the roaring mob,
And seized a catif by the fleece
That crowned his greasy nob.

Wild Uproar then let loose her throat,
His missiles War let fly;
And forward rushed each petticoat,
Each arm from slaughter-house or boat,
And "CANTWELL" was the cry!

And as they charged the staggering foe,
And waved the battle to and fro—
'Twas clear a "rescue" was the go:
And, firm to win or die,
The fish men yielded not a toe,
But cried with every stalwart blow,
"HANRATTY TO THE RESCUE—Ho!"

* * * * *

Foiled and defeated now the Mayor
Was resting in his civic chair,
And sadly to himself did say—
"Unhappy venture!—luckless fray!
No hope of golden spurs to day.
Of half my rights I'm fairly choused,
And to make matters worse, Lord FAUST!
Denies my right to break the peace
With squadrons of my own police,
But that I don't regard three figs—
And so, to-morrow for the PIGS!!"

MR. GARTLAN,

the youngest of the five attorneys concerned for the traversers, is connected with one of the most respectable Catholic mercantile families in the north of Ireland. Like many members of his profession, he graduated at the Irish University, and had, whilst there, a respectable academic career. He possesses a good deal of professional fame and political influence in the county of Louth, in which he resides. During the past summer he was employed to prosecute certain Orangemen, accused of riots, and attended specially at Clones, Monaghan, Belfast, and Carrickfergus: for his professional exertions on these occasions, he received the thanks of the Repeal Association, at the instance of Mr. O'Connell. Some years since a fierce and well-sustained contest as to the privileges of the two professions, the bar and the attorneys, was waged in his person. Upon that occasion, he claimed a right to argue a case, reserved from the Louth or Monaghan Assizes, before the twelve judges. Messrs. Napier and Alcock attended on behalf of the bar, and protested against an attorney being heard. The judges, after a long consultation, concurred with the bar, and Mr. Gartlan was excluded. A meeting of the attorneys of Ireland was immediately called. It was attended by members of the profession, of all shades of politics. The thanks of the profession were voted to Mr. Gartlan, for his spirited and manly conduct; resolutions were also passed, declaratory of the rights and privileges of the profession. A high tone of independence was taken at that time by the Irish attorneys, which they have since maintained—and in no instance more so than in the step which they have recently taken to vindicate the honour of their body, which they considered had been attacked in Mr. Mahony's person, by Mr. Brewster. This I allude to in my notice of that eminent barrister. Mr. Gartlan is a very fair specimen of a well-educated Irish attorney, a fluent speaker, a good cross-examiner, and possessing the pen of a ready writer: indeed, in his early career, he was connected with the London periodicals, and some articles of his, under the signature of "Paddy Blake," may be recollected by many who read them with much pleasure at the time. In the division of labour necessary in the arrangement of a case of such magnitude as the defence of the traversers in the present state prosecutions, it is understood that to Mr. Gartlan and Mr. Cantwell has been committed the getting-up and arrangement of the evidence for the defence; and it is only fair to Mr. Gartlan also to state, that to him, jointly with Sir Coleman O'Loghlen, is due the credit of having made the point, that the witnesses on the indictment were not sworn in open court: both parties suggested the objection contemporaneously to their respective friends.

IRELAND, DURING THE STATE TRIALS.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

Well, I have swept the seas (as the broom said when it crossed the Atlantic) and am in Ireland. A short spell of railway brought me on Thursday last, from Kingstown to the City of Dublin, and a fair city it is. What a fine sense of the value of space—that chief element of grandeur in street architecture—is everywhere preserved. How lofty and majestic are even the common houses, and what a noble presence have the public edifices, whether regarded from the interior or from without. Yes, Dublin is certainly a grand place, and at present, though it would be hardly credited in England, its tranquillity is equal to its grandeur; and, strange anomalous contradiction in terms!—where all is politics, all is peace!

In the midst of a profound and important crisis—of a struggle upon which the heart of Ireland is fixed—of daily bustle and the presence of the food of strife—there is a lamblike quiet, a still repose, a sort of gentle *nonchalance* in fact, which goes about every thing as a matter of course; and, while manifesting in words and thought and expression a lively energy, an intense interest, and an absorbing curiosity—preserves in action an ease and facility approaching almost to languor, and having nothing in common with that wild, burning, enthusiastic excitement, which in England we all imagine so powerfully to prevail. There is a grand array of military in the city—troops galore!—five thousand of them perhaps; but they go about leisurely and at intervals; are not more frequently seen than in London, and do not at all force upon you the notion of a garrison town. You may bow, if you like, to the field officer of the day as he is riding his rounds, and for the nonce your military obeisance is done. The police are most effective—too effective in fact, and the "order of the city" is much more strictly preserved than in London—nevertheless, I will endeavour to avoid the station, and keeping myself upon my good behaviour, seek to vindicate the dignity of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*.

But though even at this moment there is in the "manner of the city" and its people (if I may so speak) a reposed bearing, yet the political movements are rapid, orderly, and complete; and although they act quietly, their "words do burn." Political business seems to have grown into their existence, and perhaps it is because they have so much of it that they do it so well—with so much constancy of purpose—and with so little noise.

No stranger in Dublin would recognise the immense importance of the present trials, if he were a mere watcher of the outward world, if he did not exercise thought, philosophy, and observation over that vast and deep sea of social commotion, which, with its large body of waters—it's strong tide and its wild current—has neither waves nor spray, and in its rolling silence neither heaves nor swells. But the true watcher knows that half the destiny of Ireland is written upon the heart of the present calm—that the wondrous struggle at issue has every eye in Ireland drawn towards it as by some basilisk charm—that its progress is a progress towards some grand but mysterious result which men do not dare to speculate upon—that it is all in all to the social world of Erin—and that its end is what no wisdom guesses, and no prophecy foretells. Such and so vast do I believe the interest and importance of the present trials.

Of course everything here—placidly as I tell you matters are conducted—is connected with them. It is one moment an address from the Corn Exchange; another, a motion in the Four Courts; and a third, a meeting at the Music Hall. About the Corn Exchange I will not trouble you. You know already that O'Connell is the spirit of every storm that rages there, and that he directs the waters; nor need I speak to you yet of the "Four Courts;" for although motion after motion has been made in them with reference to the trials, yet "all has been lost" to the traversers; and with one day's interlude, which I shall by-and-by have to describe, the business of the prosecution is at last earnestly commenced. My present matter must have reference to the GREAT AGGREGATE MEETING of the Roman Catholics of Ireland which took place on Saturday at the Music Hall, and of which I send you the four drawings that will illustrate this letter. I am only going, however, to give you outlines and characteristics, as the London papers will supply you with faithful reports, which you can well afford most abundantly to condense.

Well—this aggregate meeting then was a great affair. It arose out of the fact of the Crown Solicitor, in the exercise of his legal right, having struck out of the jury panel eleven or twelve Roman Catholics, upon the ground (as I believe the truth to be) that they were assumed *Repealers*; but, as the Catholics of Dublin will have it, on account of their faith. Religious differences have ever been the curse of Ireland, and here is an attempt to revive them over these trials. The Roman Catholics to a man took the legal fact as an insult to their faith; and Richard Lalor Sheil was the first person who signed the requisition for the meeting, which was a great one indeed.

The Music Hall was lit with gas, and I suppose there were more than 2000 people in it, and a gallery of ladies to wave their handkerchiefs for Dan. The Lord Mayor, who is a Liberal and Catholic, and identifies himself with the cause of O'Connell with the warmest interest of a zealous partisan, took the chair, opening the business of the meeting with a moderate speech, couched in a spirit (making allowance for political feeling) of decided good taste, and afterwards presiding over one of the most patient, intelligent, respectable, and well-ordered assemblies I ever knew to congregate.

Some gentlemen of Irish rank and local influence in their respective counties, then addressed the meeting; and I must say, that although religion was the theme nominally, yet politics afforded the substance of all they said, and that the cause was not really the cause of Popery, but the cause of Daniel O'Connell and the state trials. They seemed, however (amusingly enough, I thought) to believe that the Act of Catholic Emancipation had been virtually abrogated by the Crown Solicitor, and that Mr. Kemmis had unsettled the expediency of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Forde, a solicitor for the traversers, made a speech of immense duration. You will find it difficult to fad through it, and I thought I should never see Forde through it himself. However, at last he finished, and then we had Sheil.

Sheil spoke finely—slowly at first, but with much marked and artful emphasis, and gradually quickening towards a climax, which ended with, "the warm spirit—the untiring energy—the fervent perseverance—the indomitable courage of Daniel O'Connell." This brought down the cheers, and made the welkin ring. There was great shouting, and one wag—a pure Dublin wag, one of a race of "individualities" who exist in Dublin alone—cried out,

Richard's himself again!

There was a fine Irish burst of genuine laughter after this, eventually subsiding into a beautiful titter, the memory of which is tickling my ears while I write. Sheil responded by expressing a hope that the gentleman would not say, "Conscience avant"; whereat there was some more laughter, and then the learned gentleman turned to the business of winding up his brief oration, which he did with good practical effect. It was altogether a very pretty little episode of declamation.

O'Connell soon followed. When he rose and went forward to the platform front, it was impossible not to see that he possessed thoroughly, and with a thrilling concentration of feeling, the wild loves—the kindling affections of his entire audience. All the men stood up, and he was cheered for full five minutes. But Dan took it like a Trojan, wearing a face "all smiles," but no more disconcerted than a fine family father, who is kissing his children before they go to bed. This in fact is the sort of easy paternal spirit in which Dan treats the popular love, although he is just as proud of it as it is of him.

Dan looked well, and spoke badly. He carries a brave appearance, but, I think, breaks a little, nevertheless. His speech was not like him, and though I was within a yard of him on the platform, and heard it well, I would not have given sixpence for it. He had none of the fire which you would have thought would have blazed before the audience over such a theme as the Roman Catholic Religion of Ireland. He had none of the old familiar anecdote—the half-cheerful story which has so often made men laugh and hate at the same time. He was not furious either, and used no bitterness in attack. He cracked one joke over Emancipation, saying that "that was his job, and that he did not like to see his job spoiled;" but that was his only attempt at merriment, and he did not try vituperation at all. He made no great professions, and, I think, was not exactly in his element. He was anything but fluent, and often ended his sentences

most feebly—faltering and hesitating for words. He concluded by saying that he should reserve his health for the trials. When he had finished all interest seemed to cease, and almost immediately after the meeting broke up. It was a very pattern for good conduct from first to last. It was considered of the first importance in Dublin, and will be, or has been, most elaborately reported in the Irish and London papers.

Sunday was principally occupied by the good, warm-hearted people of Dublin in devoting themselves to the duties of hospitality towards the numerous strangers that had arrived to be present at the trials. The "press gang" is very strong; I should think there were forty reporters here from the London papers, and some even from Germany. On Monday, the

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commenced. I send you literal reports from the papers of what took place, but give you my own description into the bargain. Monday may be called an uneventful day. It was principally occupied with the discussion of a challenge to the jury put in by the traversers, demurred to by the Crown, and eventually disallowed by the Judges. During the day there was a great crowd about the court, and in the morning a great procession towards it. Dan was taken by the Mayor in his state coach, and was followed by a whole train of Repeal Aldermen, and thousands of a cheering and devoted populace. It was more like the King of Ireland going to open his Parliament, than a presumed conspirator approaching to take his trial. He looked well, was in a new wig and gown, and afforded a fine burly specimen of an Irishman, who had been greatly occupied about the affairs of the nation, and had never had time to yet learn.

Sheil was in the court smiling in high spirits, and looking very earnest and attentive, and devoting himself fervently to the arguments in the case. The arrangements were all excellent; the County Grand Jury box being occupied by the reporters—the jury sitting opposite, and the audience not more than the court could conveniently contain. The approaches to the court too were kept perfectly clear by the police. The tedious legal argument was not distinguished by any particularly intellectual feature, but it wasted the entire day, and ended as I have stated. There were only little pieces of purely Irish frolic enlivening the proceedings. In the Sheriff's box—a rather conspicuous position—sat the editor of one of the London papers, a gentleman "far in the flesh," and nearly as fat as Dan himself. One of the clever scions of the bar stood up in wig and gown, and took a portrait of the London Lion, which was passed over the court and created infinite diversion. After the space of a minute, however, the editor, who had good-humouredly looked down upon the joke, put in his retort, by throwing, from the Sheriff's box, the following epigram:—

Thanks to the Sheriff for my quarters here,
Though by the Bar I've been a little slaughter'd,
I do not hold the price a jot too dear,
I'm nicely drawn as well as nicely quarter'd.

This followed the portrait, and was received with genuine merriment by all the wigs and gowns, who at once clapped together to produce these four lines, which I give as a specimen of the poetry of the Bar of Dublin. They were directed "To the Man in the Poets' Corner," and ran thus:—

You would make any four of the pygmies thus staring,
You jolly, good-humour'd, and frolicsome elf;
But your frontal defect would not be quite so glaring,
If your face wasn't quarter'd as well as yourself.

And so passed the first day's trial. On Tuesday the jury were sworn, and the business of the court entered upon by the Attorney-General, and I send you as much of the report as could be yet printed. I have the artists hard at work, and next week shall forward numerous illustrations, with some accompanying letter-press of an original cast, with regard to the general character and aspect of Irish affairs.

QUEEN'S BENCH.—DUBLIN, MONDAY.

CHALLENGING THE ARRAY.

The Court sat at ten o'clock, and the counsel and agents at both sides were in attendance. After some delay, the traversers all appeared and answered to their names.

The special jurors summoned—twenty-four in number—were then called, and, with the exception of three or four, severally answered to their names. Satisfactory affidavits were made to excuse a few from serving, on the ground of ill-health.

The general list having been then called over, the gentlemen to compose the jury of twelve, in the case of the Queen against O'Connell and others, were about to be impanelled, when Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, counsel on behalf of Mr. O'Connell, rose and landed in a "challenge to the array," that is to say, to the whole jury panel, on the ground of the omitted names in the Recorder's list, of which so much has already been said. He read this pleading at length, and stated that each of the traversers would put in a similar, but separate and distinct paper, and that these were being prepared. The Attorney-General said that whilst the challenges of the other traversers were being engrossed, he would confer with his learned brethren, and consider what course they would pursue with regard to this challenge. A delay of two hours was thus occasioned, and it was near two o'clock in the afternoon before the challenges of the other traversers were put in.

The Attorney-General then rose, and said that on the part of the Crown he demurred to these challenges, and proceeded to argue against their validity. The question now raised was essentially the same with that which was discussed on Friday last, on the motion of the traversers, to postpone the trial on the alleged defect in the jury panel. The Attorney-General pursued the same line of argument that was used on that occasion. He remarked that no attempt was made to attach criminality to any known individual, and that unless corruption or fraud were proved or alleged against public officers, the presumption in law was that they discharged their duties correctly. If this challenge were admitted, it would nullify the jurors' list for 1844 altogether—and this merely on the ground that some 50 names had been omitted, nobody could tell by whom. He (the Attorney-General) would be most happy to discover the author or authors of any fraud, or wilful omission in the forming of the jury, and was ready at once to institute a prosecution against him or them; but whilst all the public officers were, even by name, acquitted of all blame—and, so far as they knew, all the requisitions of the Act of Parliament, in forming the special jury panel, had been complied with—he must insist that the panel retained all its legal validity, and afforded no ground for such a plea as that which had been put in by the traversers.

Sir Coleman O'Loughlin argued in support of the challenger; and was followed on the same side by Mr. Fitzgibbon, Queen's Counsel.

The Solicitor-General (Mr. Green) replied. He contended that there were no legal means pointed out in the Act of Parliament, or otherwise, to amend the jurors' list in such a case as the present, and strongly insisted that the traversers could suffer no injury by its being maintained in its present state. The counsel at the other side had expressly declared that they had no fault to find with the gentlemen in attendance to serve as jurors on their trial.

Mr. Moore, Q.C., proposed, on the part of the traversers, to send back the list to the Recorder by consent, and to have the omitted names inserted in it, and the trial to be postponed till after this arrangement had been effected.

The Attorney-General rejected this proposition with great indignation, as one utterly illegal.

The Chief Justice then announced that the majority of the Court were of opinion that the challenge to the array was bad, and that the demurral of the Attorney-General must be allowed.

His Lordship and the other Judges then delivered their judgments *séoiré*—*Perrin dissatisfied*. The other Judges said that they were clear in their decision, and Mr. Justice Perrin said that he gave a different judgment from his brethren with considerable doubt.

The Court adjourned at a quarter to 5 to next morning.

TUESDAY.—SECOND DAY.

The Court assembled on Tuesday at ten o'clock, and the jurors and traversers were called over. The jurors all appeared; but two of the traversers, Messrs. Duffy and Barrett, were absent. The Court waited with exemplary patience for some time, but neither of these parties appeared. Their solicitors offered an undertaking that they should abide by anything done in their absence, and their counsel argued that, this being merely a case of misdemeanour, there was no absolute necessity for the parties accused to appear in person.

The Attorney-General, however, said he could not accede to this arrangement. The traversers were bound in recognizances to appear personally throughout the whole of the proceedings, and their appearance by attorney could not be accepted—particularly as it might be necessary in the course of the evidence to establish a case of identity, in which they were concerned.

After some further delay, the missing parties at length came into court, and having got a gentle hint as to the necessity of a more punctual attendance in future, the swearing of the jury to try the case was commenced, and, after a few excuses for non-attendance, on the ground of ill health which were all allowed after a sufficient investigation, it was completed. The jury to try O'Connell and others was sworn.

Mr. Napier opened the pleadings, and briefly stated the heads of the several counts in the indictment.

At half-past eleven the Attorney-General proceeded to state the case for the Crown. He commenced by recapitulating the several counts of the indictment, which charged the traversers severally with conspiracy and confederating to raise discontent and disaffection in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, exhorting and ill-will towards her Majesty's Government, introduce discontent and disaffection in the army, cause large bodies of people to meet together, and, by means of physical-force demonstration, effect changes in the law of the land, bring about a dissolution of the Legislative Union; and, finally, by means of arbitra-

tion courts, bring the administration of justice into contempt. He then proceeded to explain the law of conspiracy to the jury, which, according to his interpretation, consisted in a combination or agreement to effect legal objects by illegal means. The traversers, he asserted, had been guilty of a common design to effect the objects specified in the indictment. He then laid it down, as a principle of the law of conspiracy, that the acts and words of any one of the conspirators were to be taken as the acts and words of all; and, in support of this proposition, he proceeded to show, from various eminent law authorities, that it was not necessary to have positive evidence of overt acts against the traversers, or any of them; it was only necessary to show that they were banded or associated together, in order to prove that all were guilty of the acts and crimes of any one. After this he proceeded to notice the stress laid upon the peaceable assemblage and dispersion of the monster meetings, which, he contended, was only an ingredient in the conspiracy, and could only be regarded as an aggravation of the offence; for, what were they told by one of the traversers, "the man who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy;" and again, "England's weakness was Ireland's opportunity." For his own part he deemed that the peaceable assemblage and separation of such immense bodies were inconsistent with the exterior objects of the leaders, and then he proceeded to quote various law authorities, in order to show that the assemblages themselves were inconsistent with the law of the land.

With this he closed what may be considered the first part of the case, and then he entered on a long history of the Repeal agitation, commencing with the first Association established by Mr. O'Connell for the furtherance of Repeal, during the administration of Lord Grey, in 1831. In tracing of this portion of his subject, he referred to the known opinions of Lord Grey's Administration on the question of Repeal, and quoted an extract from a speech delivered in the House of Commons by the present Earl Spencer, in the course of which his lordship then Lord Althorp stated that he would prefer civil war to a dissolution of the Union. He then referred to the course taken by the Irish Government of that day, and the proclamations issued by Lord Anglesey to put down the agitation; and, after quoting a paragraph from the King's speech on the opening of the session of 1833, he alluded to certain speeches delivered by Ministers of the Crown, who avowed that the object of the Repeal agitation was to give unlimited power to Mr. O'Connell, and establish a ferocious republic on the ruins of the British empire. He next alluded to the establishment of the General Association in 1836, part of whose object was the levy of a just-rent, spent, nably knew how, and extracted from the unhappy people of Ireland to forward an agitation which had been the bane and curse of that unfortunate Ireland.

After referring to the establishment of the Precursor Association, he entered into a history of the present Repeal agitation and Association, which he described as consisting of members, associates, and volunteers, whose bond of union consisted in a common design to organise the poorer and more ignorant classes in favour of the great object of the Association, viz., the dissolution of the Legislative Union. He then exhibited and described the several cards issued to associates, members, and volunteers, and in doing so called particular attention to the mottoes printed on the associates' cards, namely, the words, "Benburb," "Clontarf," "Limerick," and, in order that the ignorant might be made fully aware of the meaning of these words, the card was accompanied by a printed explanation, which consisted in a description of battles in which the Irish had been successful, and which was clearly intended to stimulate the people of Ireland into hatred of the Saxon monarchy. He next proceeded to describe the members' card, one portion of which contained an extract from the resolutions adopted by the volunteer delegates at Dungannon, in 1782, when they declared that "No power on earth, save the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, had a right to make laws to bind the people of Ireland." This he described as the most illegal and unconstitutional declaration ever promulgated, when it was recollect that there was no analogy between the situation of Ireland now and the situation of Ireland when that declaration was adopted. Another of the mottoes on the member's card was an extract from a speech delivered by the Right Hon. Henry Saurin, in opposition to the Union, in the Irish House of Commons, viz.:—"You may make the Union a law, but you cannot make it binding on conscience." He then proceeded to describe and exhibit the card of another class of members, the volunteers, who must either have subscribed or collected £10 for the funds of the association. One portion of his description having elicited a very general laugh, his Attorney-General waxed warm, and forthwith expressed his surprise and indignation that at that early stage of the case they had arrived at a state feeling, when a solemn statement of counsel would elicit such a demonstration of merriment on the part of the audience, but he promised, before the conclusion of his statement, to lay such a case of conspiracy before the jury as would be considered anything but a laughing matter. On this portion of this case, he referred to the fact of districts subscribing a certain sum to the funds of the Association, being entitled to a newspaper; and from this he inferred that the intention of the leaders of the Association was to follow the example of the French Jacobins, who promulgated and taught sedition through the columns of the press.

He next referred to the Repeal Association, commencing with the meetings in January, 1843, and read a number of extracts from speeches delivered by Mr. O'Connell and others, all of which, he contended, contained matter calculated to bring her Majesty's Government into contempt, and engender hatred and ill-will towards England in the minds of her Majesty's Irish subjects.

He then directed the attention of the jury to the establishment of the *Nation* newspaper, which he asserted was got up for the special purpose of promulgating sedition throughout the land. In proof of the object and tendency of the *Nation* newspaper, the right hon. gentleman read the following article published in that paper, entitled—

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD."

Who fears to speak of Native light?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slighted his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made,
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
True men, like you, men,
Their spirit's at home.

The learned gentleman then proceeded to read several prose articles, all of which, he contended, were seditious and revolutionary, both in intent and effect. He next entered on a long exposition of the feelings of her Majesty's present Government on the Repeal question, in proof of which he quoted extracts from speeches delivered in both Houses of Parliament on the 9th of May last. He then proceeded to bring the monster meetings before the Court; and from one to near five o'clock was occupied in reading extracts from speeches delivered by Mr. O'Connell, all of which he denounced as calculated to bring the law and the constitution into contempt. Mr. O'Connell's doctrine, that the Queen could of her own accord repeal the Union, without reference to the British House of Commons, by the issue of writs for the assembling of an Irish Parliament, he denounced as illegal and unconstitutional; and the quotations from the speeches of Plunkett, Saurin, and Bushe, which Mr. O'Connell was accustomed to deliver in public, in order to convince his deluded followers that those great men regarded the Union as null and void, and in no respect binding on the people of Ireland, he had no hesitation in pronouncing to be a total and unjustifiable perversion of the meaning of the speakers, not one of whom had expressed an unfavourable opinion of the Union subsequent to the passing of the measure.

The learned gentleman was then about to refer to the meeting at Baltinglass, but said that as he had now come down to August, probably that would be the best time for him to come to a conclusion for the day.

The Chief Justice said that the Court did not wish to distress the learned gentleman if he was desirous of concluding then. He wished to know what was to be done with the jury?

The Attorney-General said that that was a matter which rested entirely with the Court, and he begged to hand up a case on that point—it was that of Kemmis and others. If necessary, the jury could be accommodated with comfortable accommodation at an hotel.

Chief Justice.—Have you taken the subject into your consideration, Mr. Moore?

Mr. Moore.—I have not, my Lord.

The Attorney-General.—It will be a very serious thing for men of business if they are to be locked up during the whole of these proceedings. (Laughter.)

Chief Justice.—I hope there is no danger of what you anticipate. (A laugh.) Then addressing the Attorney-General, he said—I expected to be assisted on the subject by the gentlemen at the bar.

The Attorney-General thought that, considering the serious question at issue, the jury ought not to be allowed to separate.

A Juror here observed that the duty imposed on the jury was a very arduous one, but that it would be made much more so by their not being allowed to go home.

Mr. Rigby said there were many of the jurors who were persons of active habits. For instance, he himself had sat more for the last two days than he had done for the last six months. (Laughter.) Although that observation of his occasioned a smile, he would just observe that he was a person who was in the habit of being on his feet nine or ten hours a day, and that the change from such a course of life had already a serious effect on him.

The Attorney-General said, that if the jury were allowed to separate, he trusted they would not be allowed to communicate with parties; and in expressing this wish he had no intention of casting the least imputation on the traversers.

Mr. Moore expressed his concurrence as to the jury being saved from every possible inconvenience.

The Lord Chief Justice requested the jury to bear in mind the suggestion of Mr. Moore. If any of the jury should hear of a party being so ill-advised as to venture to communicate with any one directly or indirectly on the subject matter of the trial, he should at once complain to the Court.

The Court then adjourned till ten o'clock next day.

THIRD DAY.—WEDNESDAY.

The court was again thronged at an early hour to hear the continuation of the Attorney-General's opening speech.

At five minutes past ten o'clock their Lordships took their seats on the bench. Mr. O'Connell and his son, John O'Connell, attired in the bar costume, were in punctual attendance.

The Clerk of the Crown called the traversers, who severally answered to their names.

The Attorney-General commenced by alluding to the proceedings which took place at the Repeal demonstration which was held at Baltinglass, in the county of Wicklow. On the 6th of August there was held this meeting at Baltinglass, at which the traversers, Mr. O'Connell, Dr. Gray, and Mr. Steele, were present; and the paper of one of the accused stated the numbers present to be 150,000. The Attorney-General having read numerous extracts from the speeches made, said that it was material to consider what was the effect of those speeches on the populace; and he would be able to prove such expressions used by the people on this occasion as follows:—"We must have Repeal, and we will get it; let us wait a little longer, for the time is nigher than you think;" others said "that their part of the country was ready to turn out, but they were afraid of the sea-side fellows." Another said "that Father Lalor, at the chapel, told them the Repeal had gone too far to be stopped, and that the people would get it, but not without blood." (Sensation.) Others declared that they must get Repeal; that there would not be a stroke of work done in the country during the year, and that the people would rise to a man; another declared that they could not to raise disturbances, but, if they were refused, "foreign powers" would strike the blow. The Attorney-General next referred to the speech of Mr. O'Connell at the dinner at Baltinglass, where he praised the Spanish servants for having "proceeded," and harped Espartero from his power; and the English servants who had not justice done to them, would be honest if the Repeal cause were to succeed. The next date which was material was the 12th of August, on which day appeared in the *Nation* an article, entitled "The Man of Nationality." Having read this composition, the Attorney-General dwelt on the illegality of the meetings which had been held, although they dispersed peacefully. The plan was to have the people organised before the outbreak took place, and the exhortations were only to maintain present peace, for the publications on the speeches of the traversers, etc., future contest. The next meeting was held in a few days, on the 13th of August, at Tara, and this was a very remarkable demonstration. Tara had been selected because the Irish Kings used to be crowned there; and again, because a battle had been fought there in 1798, in which the rebels had been defeated, and the object was to exasperate the people of Ireland, by recalling scenes of former contests, and to prove that this was so, numbers of the poor people were seen kneeling on the spot where the rebels had been buried, and gathering wild geraniums of a red colour, which they believed were stained with the blood of the slain. At that meeting Mr. O'Connell spoke, and told the people that the women of Ireland alone would beat the British soldiery: he asked the people there if any were cowards, and stated that all the magistrates who had been deprived of their commissions of the peace should be appointed arbitrators by the Association, to whom the people should go to have their disputes settled there. This was a plain usurpation of the prerogative of the Crown, for although the parties were required to sign a consent, these courts were illegal. They being in the habit of issuing summonses, under the device of entering into a consent to abide by the decision of the arbitrators, did not prevent those courts being illegal, and a usurpation of the prerogatives of the Crown, the foundation of justice. At the dinner in the evening Dr. Gray spoke, and alluded to the memory of the patriots of 1798, whose grave he had visited that day. At the dinner Mr. O'Connell spoke, and alluded to the submission of the people,—but this circumstance was a formidable one, because if they obeyed a single man, and kept the peace now, they would be ready to take the field also at his command. "When I want you I shall find you again," as Mr. O'Connell said, "the sooner the better," was the response. The next meeting was held on the 20th of August, at Roscommon, and Mr. O'Connell himself described the effect of these meetings to be "to strike terror into their enemies; that meant those who were friendly to British connection, "and to give confidence to their friends." On the 22d of August there was a meeting of the Association, at which a plan was read for the "renewed action of Irish agitation." Another meeting of the Association took place on the 23d of August, at which were present all the traversers and the Rev. Mr. Tierney and Mr. Duffy. On that occasion Dr. Gray submitted his plan for the appointment of arbitrators in consequence of the Crown having exercised its prerogative by dismissing magistrates who thought fit to attend those repeat demonstrations. It was perfectly clear from Dr. Gray's observations in prefacing the reading of the report that the approval of those arbitrators should rest in the Association—thus usurping the administration of the law. The report was long, but it would be given in evidence in the course of the trial. He next called the attention of the jury to a publication which appeared in the *Nation* on the 26th of August, which he described to be one of the most powerful engines of the Repeal press for working out Mr. O'Connell's views. It is entitled, "The Crisis is upon us." Our union with England was not merely an unjust and injurious, but an illegal and invalid act. The natural rights of the people were trampled down, in a manner disgraceful of the firm and spirit of the constitution. The statesman's wisdom and the lawyer's learning lent authority to the instinctive repudiation of the patriot. Saurin, among others, declared that resistance was a question of time and prudence, and would become a duty, whenever strength and opportunity might concur in justifying the effort for its abrogation. A greater than Saurin has at length given forth the irrevocable voice—RESISTANCE TO THE UNION HAS BECOME A DUTY. The honourable and learned gentleman then laid before the jury the objectionable language which was uttered at the Roscommon, Loughrea, and Clifden meetings, as well as at other meetings at the Royal Association. In advertising to the Clifden meeting, where Mr. O'Connell had

THE ADOPTED;
OR,
IMPULSE NOT PRINCIPLE.
BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

PART I.



*T*was the scene of an election; and though the young remembered many, candidates for the honour of representing the good people of C——, and more than one or two elections; never "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," had the town been in such a com-motion. It had used to boast a set of voters so nearly of one mind, that for years they always returned, by a large majority, a member staunch to a certain line of politics—we will not stay to particularise which. But latterly the people had run into the opposite way of thinking, and like most of us, when we have seized on a new opinion, were violent in the extreme. Grey heads were shaken, and dark forebodings breathed, and the present mania attributed, by the oracles of the place, to everything but the simple cause, that during the last

seven years many fresh young minds had shed their influence upon the community; while the most active supporters of the old cause had sunk, one by one, into the grave, without leaving a successor. Whatever the cause, however, the fact remained, that Mr. Aimington, who, seven years before, had been returned almost unanimously, and carried from the hustings in triumph by his boisterous constituents, was now not only defeated with scorn, but pelted, maltreated, and his very life placed in danger by the excited mob. Even his friends were, for the most part, lukewarm, only voting for him to keep out his opponent. They did say, indeed, that he had wavered in his opinions, and to own that he is wiser now than he was a year ago, may require moral courage in a politician, but somehow or another is never estimated as a virtue in him. Perhaps, however, had he changed more decidedly, he might have pleased the other party; as it was, he gave satisfaction to none.

Yet in that angry excited crowd, there were many honest men who cried "Shame, shame!" when they saw the fearful missiles flung at poor Mr. Aimington, who was now a grey-headed man in the decline of life, and moreover of a slender frame, and apparently in delicate health. Loudest in these vociferations, most active in his endeavours to calm the furious mob, was Richard Greyleigh, a miller, a high-hearted yeoman, and a man of Herculean power. A stone had cut Mr. Aimington's cheek, and the sight of the blood trickling from it, raised the indignation of the honest fellow to fever heat. Armed now with triple strength, he parted the crowd as if it had but consisted of school-boys—hurling, however many a full-grown man to the ground on either side, till he reached the feeble friends who surrounded the unsuccessful candidate; when he placed his burly figure—he was six feet two, and a model of manly symmetry—before him. He wore his miller's coat, and was a fine mark for the disconsolate; but though he continued to shield Mr. Aimington with his own person till that gentleman reached his carriage, Greyleigh escaped without any serious injury, though he certainly bore evidence of the fray.

"How can I thank you my brave protector—to whom is it that I am so much indebted?" exclaimed the persecuted one, as he cordially shook the hand of the warm-hearted miller; "one I am sure who has voted on the right side."

"That have I, Sir, these five elections—I stick to my father's principles, and his father's before him; but as for being indebted to me, Sir, I must have been something more contemptible than a coward to have stood quietly by. Those precious rascals! I wonder they are not ashamed to call themselves Englishmen. Such as them to talk of choosing law-makers—it wasn't so when I was a lad."

"But your name, my good friend? I remember you well enough, but forget whereabouts I saw you."

"Richard Greyleigh, at your honour's service; we live down by the mill yonder, t'other side of the hill."

"Oh, the pretty farm-house, and the rosy children. I remember them all well."

And it was quite true that amid the hundreds of constituents Mr. Aimington had visited during the canvassing, the miller's family had made sufficient impression to be distinctly remembered.

It was a bright June day, that following the election; when, about the hour of noon, the miller and his family were seated at their homely dinner. The children, eight in number, seemed of all imaginable ages, varying really from a well-grown notable girl of fifteen, to an infant six months' old, who slept in its rustic cradle through the no small din of knives and forks. Beans and bacon formed the sumptuous fare, but it might have been observed that something more dainty still had been provided for the youngest at table, a little girl of four years old. Partly, because she had been so long the youngest, and partly because, being of a slighter make, she had been considered the most delicate; little Ellen had grown to be the acknowledged pet of them all. The truth was, she only looked delicate by comparison with her yet more ruddy and robust brothers and sisters. A stranger who looked at her brilliant complexion, sun-burned where not shaded by the rich brown hair which waved—not crisped—naturally; or marked her finely-cut lips, red as the field poppy just then stuck in her russet frock; or more than all peered into her full soft eyes—the hue of the violet when the sun shines on it through its bath of dew—would have owned that her beauty did not all arise from the uncommon intelligence of her face; but owed a fair half its lustre to the pure animal health and enjoyment which beamed through all.

This was the party—seated in the farm house kitchen—disturbed by the unexpected visit of Mr. and Mrs. Aimington. So briskly had the carriage driven up, and so quickly had the visitors alighted, that there could be no preparation for their reception. Nature, however, is an excellent teacher of manners when people feel rightly; especially when difference of station is so distinctly marked as to prevent either party taking up a false position. Thus, though the miller's wife bethought herself that her guests should have been shown into the Sunday parlour, she did not insist on their retiring to it, after Mrs. Aimington had drawn her Indian shawl more tightly round, and assured her that though it was summer she did not find the heat of the fire at all disagreeable. It was an exciting meeting for all; a proud moment for the miller's wife. Mrs. Aimington struggled for composure, but when she saw Greyleigh's bruised face, one eye by the way blackened and swollen up, she burst into tears, and taking the honest miller's brawny hand between both her own, poured forth the strongest expressions of gratitude. Mr. Aimington was little less overcome, while he besought Greyleigh to look upon him as a friend, and point out in what manner he could serve him. Nothing, however, touched the parents' hearts so much as the kindly notice they took of the children; nor was it, as is so often the case, an assumption of manner, for, bereaved years ago of their only two, love of children was with them almost a passion. Little Ellen, neglected for a few moments, had yet scrambled from her high chair, and seeming to understand that it would be very uncourteous of the house dog to bark or growl, had clasped her arms round Punch's neck as if to keep him quiet. Punch, be it known, was a faithful, sagacious creature, though about the ugliest cur in the parish; having, in fact, been named from his grotesque appearance.

"Come and give me a kiss, little darling," said Mrs. Aimington, in the winning voice which children so easily recognise; and Punch was released, though he chose to follow Ellen and plant himself near the strangers. She took the child upon her knee, and, attracted by some trinket the lady wore, it showed no inclination to leave her. Not, however, till Mrs. Aimington had expressed her intention of calling again shortly, and had placed a purse containing twenty sovereigns in Dame Greyleigh's hand, saying—"Mr. Aimington cannot bear to offer your husband money—between us wives, you know, it is different—you must accept this from me"—did they talk of leaving.

Ellen prattled away fearlessly—"Love Punch too," she lisped, as a sort of answer to the lady's caresses—"Punse, Punse," and Punch came, and was patted and noticed.

"So you love Punch very much?" said Mrs. Aimington, evidently amused with her artless manner, "do you know I have a pet dog in the carriage; will you come and see him?" she continued, and, of course, the chatterbox was delighted at the idea.

Bijou was a thoroughbred King Charles; and, certainly, with his bright eyes and long silky ears, formed a very striking contrast to honest Punch. Ellen found him lying on a pile of shawls, one side of the carriage being devoted to his accommodation.

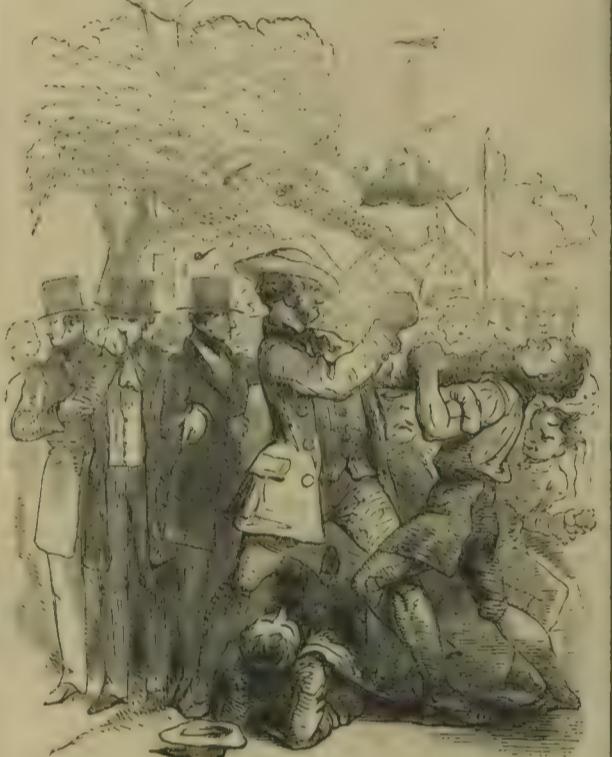
"Love Bijou too," cried Mrs. Aimington, parodying the child's own words as she was lifted in, and really so very well did little Ellen seem inclined to obey, that the difficulty was to separate them. "Let her have a ride with us," said Mr. Aimington, "we will bring her back in an hour." And so they did.

Summer had deepened into autumn. Without puzzling themselves to trace cause and effect, the children noticed that the shadow of the mill at noon grew every day longer and longer, just when they would most have enjoyed the sun-shine; and that the early sun-set was now behind the church, instead of through the elm trees. And while the sun narrows his journey, and lengthens the noon-day shadows, do human hearts stand still?

The day's toil was over. The little ones were in bed, and the miller and his wife, with the elder children, were sitting round the cheerful fire—some of them within the old fashioned chimney corner—the comfort of which the biting air of early November made them fully appreciate. Yet the party were more than commonly grave. Twice had Greyleigh's pipe gone out from mere absence of mind; and thrice had his wife laid down her knitting to wipe away the falling tears.

"But, Peggy, woman," said Greyleigh, after a pause, "are you sure of what you say—are you sure they want to take our Nelly from us, and make a lady of her outright? She's a prettier plaything than them dogs and parrots, and I don't wonder at their liking to have her up at the Hall for days together, as they've done so often—but she'll grow out of being a plaything, and what then?"

"I only tell you, Richard," replied the mother, "what Mrs. Aimington's own maid said to me when she brought her home to day, by way of preparing me, as she said, for what was coming. Though, I believe, she expected me to be out of my wits with joy, instead of bursting into tears of sorrow. It is because they've been so good to us, that I am so unhappy; otherwise there would be nothing to do but



to say, 'we won't give up our child'—I know they've set their minds upon it and we shall be called ungrateful; and even the child herself, oh! it is that which makes me so unhappy," and sobbed again impeded her utterance.

"Ellen herself!" returned the miller, "what is it you mean?" and he laid his hand affectionately on his wife's shoulder.

"I mean that when she does come home, she pines after the playthings and sweetmeats, and all the fine things up at the Hall; even after the fine clothes, for what I know, for the maid told me Mrs. Aimington has got a regular set of things for her, and that when she goes out in the carriage, she looks for all the world like one of the tip-top gentle folks."

"Our Nelly! well, we always said she ought to have been born a lady."

"I wish we hadn't said so."

There was another pause. For a little while the miller smoked vigorously away at his pipe; but it would not do, he threw it down and passed his sleeve across his eyes.

"Peggy," said he, in a husky voice, "for seventeen years you've been a good wife to me, and all that time we have never been parted for seventeen hours together. As the children come, they clung round us, and have never been parted either, and whatever people may say about 'good luck,' this will be a hard trial to us. If times were altogether thriving, it might be right of us to refuse this offer for our Nelly; but you know I have not yet paid off all the mortgage with which my poor father encumbered the farm. If I live a few years longer, I may hope, with God's blessing, to do so, and leave Dick a free man. Yet when seasons are bad, you know it is as much as we can do to live and pay our way, and I doubt if we have a right to refuse this good thing for our child; for her, too, who never looks as if she would be able to work like the others."

The mother wept on, and Greyleigh continued:—"Mr. Aimington, too, has been the most generous friend we ever had; how could we have apprenticed John to the turnery business but for him; and the lad had so set his heart upon it, that I doubt if he would have staved to anything else. Ah! and he goes away next week: that will be another parting, though a very joyful one. But to lose little Nelly!"

"I wonder," murmured the wife, after another pause, "I wonder if she will grow proud and despise her poor father and mother?"

"If I thought she would ever be so wicked," said the miller, in a firmer tone than before, "she should never run the chance of being corrupted. Yet human nature is human nature, and we must make up our minds that she won't seem like one of us."

"I feel as if she would be dead to us," returned Dame Greyleigh: then, continuing, as if a new train of thoughts had arisen, "I wonder if riches make the heaven they seem to do?"

That night the tearful parents bent over the rude bed of their darling. An elder girl slept by her side, and it chanced that Ellen had turned away from her sister, and had fallen asleep, clasping tightly a richly-dressed doll she had been allowed to bring home.

"God bless her!" exclaimed Greyleigh, in a husky voice; "may she never blame us for giving her up to the stranger."

But the mother sank upon her knees, and woke the unconscious child with her loud sobs and passionate tears.

Yes, Ellen Greyleigh was given up to "the strangers;" and there is no need to describe minutely the conflicting feelings and duties which struggled for the mastery in the hearts of her honest parents. If some there be who consider the trust of a parent one too sacred to be, on any pretence, transferred to another, many would have accused the Greyleighs, had they used such an argument, of adopting it as a cloak for their own selfishness. Yet, right or wrong in the abstract, the did well; for they acted from principle, giving up their child because they believed their doing so was every way to her advantage, and because, had they refused the which was urged as a favour by their benefactors, they would have accused themselves of the blackest ingratitude. How far Mr. and Mrs. Aimington were actuated by principle, events will best show. And yet it may, as well be owned at once that their offer was prompted by nothing more worthy than a good impulse, if that can be called good which was three parts selfish. They were fond of chil-

dren; fond, as many people are, with a sort of animal instinct, and, as the father had hinted, preferred the beautiful and intelligent little Ellen for a pet, to the dogs and parrots. But it did not sink into their minds that in removing her from the guardianship and guidance of her own humble parents, they laid in reality taken upon themselves the duties, and incurred the responsibilities, of father and mother. Nor did they even clearly define to themselves whether they intended educating "The Adopted" in her own sphere, or raising her, by education, companionship, and the bestowal of fortune, to theirs. They were almost content to think of her only as a present pet and plaything.

As, however, they were "kind-hearted" people, they neither wished nor intended to separate little Ellen entirely from her parents. On the contrary, it was arranged that, for the present, she should visit them every Sunday, after church time, accompanied by Mrs. Aimington's maid, Johnson by name. The first meeting was not a very trying one. The child looked so beautiful in the elegant dress in which she was attired, and pleased with three days' *petting* at the Hall, and too young to understand the holy ties which had just been severed, she smiled so joyously, and prattled away so happily, that the unselfish parents almost forgot their own loss in looking at and listening to her. One little week, however, worked some change; the smile came and went, but the prattle was less; and when the parting moment arrived, her lips trembled, and the deep blue eyes looked yet deeper, through her tears.

"Oh, fie, Miss Ellen," said Johnson, "what will mamma Aimington say to see you crying? Nobody loves little girls who cry."

But the MOTHER caught her to her heart, and—rocking to and fro in a paroxysm of feeling, while the child's arms were locked round her neck—showed that she, at least, loved her none the less for her "natural tears."

The following Sunday the case was worse; and then the parents, with that quiet heroism which is the very essence of true courage, resolved that they would for a while sacrifice the joy of seeing her, with the hope and belief that she would grow reconciled to her new home, when not reminded of her old one. It would be doing Mr. and Mrs. Aimington injustice to say that they were not touched by this instance of devotion in the miller and his wife (for the suggestion was theirs); but the conduct of "the benefactors" not having the root of principle, there was nothing in their hearts to be strengthened by the fact, though impulse led them to indulge the child even more than heretofore, the surest way, as they believed, to make her love them.

Yet had they been actuated by the severest principles of duty, well do we know that the natural feelings of affection in such parents as the Greyleighs, would have been the same; and the wrench from all home ties, even to the childish heart of little Ellen, would have been as violent. But in this case the circumstance of witnessing the struggle, would have made yet more clear the duties which devolved on Mr. and Mrs. Aimington; as it was the effect was but temporary. Only once more was Ellen brought to the farm house, before she accompanied her "Mamma and Papa" (in distinction to Mother and Father) to London for the season. It proved to them a long one, and when after six months they returned to the Hall, a change in their *protégé* was indeed perceptible. The heart of a child of four years old is very flexible—she was reconciled to her new home! The parents saw the truth at a glance, and though they sighed they would not for worlds have had it otherwise. But when she shrunk from her boisterous brothers, and smoothed her white frock after the hugging and kissing of her sisters, they felt she was no longer one of them, and as they were simple specimens of human nature, neither better nor worse than the average, something like envy crept into their minds. Poor Punch even seemed almost forgotten—at all events, she was afraid of him now.

Three years passed swiftly away unmarked by any striking event; unless, indeed, it be worth noticing that once, after an illness—some malady which children usually encounter—which attacked little Ellen in London, change of air was recommended, and she was sent home for a few weeks to recruit. Great was the joy of the parents, yet sad the second parting; and even the child showed that her affectionate feelings had rather been frozen over, than their springs dried up. Perhaps it was the happiest thing for all parties that, at the end of three years, Mr. and Mrs. Aimington determined on leaving England for an indefinite period, travelling in the south of Europe having been recommended by Mr. Aimington's physicians; and Ellen, of course, accompanied them.

Notwithstanding she had paid a visit to the farm-house the preceding day, to take leave of her relatives, the parents asked yet for one last lingering look. At the carriage, with its closely-packed imperial, and many travelling appendages, passed down the high road, about a mile from the mill, two anxious watchers might have been noticed, and there, indeed, had they loitered for a couple of hours. But, alas! as it whirled rapidly by, they saw but the back of a little pink silk bonnet—Ellen was standing looking out at the opposite window!

An outline of the events of the next eight years will be enough; for how, like dissolving views, does one scene of human life shift almost imperceptibly into another! Children at the farm had grown into men and women, and some had gone out into the world to seek their fortunes "in service;" for times had not become better, and the mortgage was still unredeemed. Eight years of care, more than of labour, had shown their work both on Greyleigh and his wife; both seemed to have turned the hill, and to be in the decline of life. They had lost, too, something of the cheerfulness which had supported them amid the struggles of earlier years; it might be they began to distrust hope, which had so often deceived them. They had received many letters from Ellen, and great were their pride and astonishment at her beautiful writing, and, as they considered it, wonderful learning. Yet, truth to tell, her education had been woefully neglected; for Mr. and Mrs. Aimington never having quite made up their minds as to her future position in society, had neither systematically afforded her the opportunities of acquiring a solid and refined education, such as would have fitted her for their sphere, nor given her the useful information which would have rendered her a happy and respected member of her own.

Still Ellen Greyleigh, at fifteen, was very far from ignorant. In the first instance Johnson had, at Mrs. Aimington's desire, taught her to read, and being like an only child, without playmates or associates, she had taken to reading as an amusement. At the Hall a well-stocked library was always accessible, and thus at a very early age she acquired much desultory information. The best books—sterling works—were naturally selected for travelling companions, and of new ones, only those of approved merit were ordered to be sent from England. This narrower selection was, however, a great advantage to Ellen, for it in some sort directed her reading; while intercourse with persons of refined manners formed her own, and the habit of hearing her own language spoken correctly, prevented



herself from falling into any very glaring errors. She had even picked up a little French and Italian, and having shown great facility in acquiring them, had been induced with a few lessons at distant intervals. For music she had a decided taste, and thus was able to improve the very trifling instruction she had received, though after all she played chiefly by ear.

Such was Ellen Greyleigh, with her taste more cultivated than her mind, when she returned to England, a beautiful womanly girl of fifteen. She was too graceful, as well as too young and inexperienced, yet to feel how undecided was her position—one hour treated as an equal, and the next perhaps employed in some office, which though nothing more menial than a child in the highest rank of life might perform for a parent, yet lost that sanctity when required from her in the presence of strangers, and, as a matter of course, visitors scarcely knew if they were to treat her as a humble dependent or an equal, and one lady, an intimate friend of the family, was rather surprised to find Ellen seated next herself at dinner, after having observed that she had answered Mrs. Aimington's bell to assist her at her toilet. This occurred in London immediately after the travellers arrived from the continent, and before they returned to the Hall, where, during the autumn, they expected several friends to visit them.

Perhaps it was Ellen's first meeting with her family—who were still remembered with affection, and the consciousness that the little presents she had brought, purchased with her own pocket allowance, were quite inappropriate—which taught her to think of and feel her own different position.

(To be Concluded in our Next.)

NEW MUSIC.

SWEET ERIN ALANNA ASTHORE. A new Irish ballad; the Poetry by Dion Bourcicault, Esq.; the Music by T. German Reed. Reed and Sons.

The sentiment of this song could well afford to wear more fashionable dress. It contains many a happy idea, which should not be obscured by an affectation of vulgar simplicity. The melody is graceful and fluent, and the harmony clear and correct, except where the composer uses the diminished sixth and fifth, instead of the diminished seventh. C sharp is not D flat in certain notations, although it be identical in sound.

THE FOND HOPE. Ballad; the Poetry by Lady Flora Hastings—the Music by Miss Clarkson. Ollivier, New Bond-street.

The melody of this ballad is graceful and flowing; but when will ladies study counterpoint, or abstain from blotting paper until they know how to harmonize correctly? As to the words, there is a spirit of devotion in them which could only emanate from an elegant mind and a feeling heart.

MONUMENT TO MOLIERE, AT PARIS.

The inauguration of this superb monument to the Memory of Molière (just completed at Paris) took place on Monday last. It was generally apprehended on Sunday that this ceremony might be signalised by an émeute. Thanks to the firmness of the Govern-



MONUMENT TO MOLIERE, AT PARIS.

ment, and the wisdom and sufficiency of its precautions, nothing of the kind occurred. The affair passed off in the best possible manner. The celebration we intend to detail to our readers, from our own correspondent: the monument has been raised at the expense of the French Government, and by public subscription: there were to be an oration and other solemnities, and the day was to conclude with the performance of *Le Tartuffe*, and *le Malade Imaginaire*, at the Théâtre Français; with a commemorative address between the pieces.

MADAME DULCKEN.

This splendid pianist belongs to "a family of sweet sounds!" Her brother, David, is one of the first violinists of the day, and her sister, Madlle. David, bids fair to rival her elder sister's wonderful and delightful performance on the pianoforte. There is a great charm resulting from seeing a performer evidently pleased with that which he is doing; and certainly a more good-humoured, or sweeter face, never smiled over most dexterous fingers than Madame Dulcken's—

"Winning her own and nations' plaudits."

All styles are alike welcome to her; from the serious majesty of Handel down to the graceful *légèreté* of Chopin, she has ability at her fingers' ends! In solo playing she is delightful, but it is only in a generous rivalry that the powers of this fair artiste are strongly put forth. It is quite enthusiastic in *concertante* music to hear her emulate the strength and elegance of a Lizst, a Thalberg, or the quiet grace of a Cramer and a Benedict. Her fingers are "like the sweet south;" they at once "steal and give odour," and impart a new beauty to everything they touch. Madame Dulcken has done much to improve the musical taste in this country. Her *soirée* on Wednesday evening, at her own residence, was a delicious treat, and a lesson at the same time, to all students of that instrument of which she is "regina."

Madame Dulcken's first *soirée musicale* (second series) took place at her residence in Harley-street, on Wednesday evening, and was attended by a brilliant and fashionable audience, who, throughout the evening, testified their satisfaction by their applause, more particularly directed to the charming concert-giver herself, whose performance of some extremely difficult music must have contented the most fastidious of critics. The concert commenced with Mozart's beautiful quartet, in G, exceedingly well executed by Messrs. Willy, Goffrie, Ella, and Lucas. Weber's scene from "Oberon" followed, sung by Mr. Manvers. This is by no means a fine song, let the admirers of Weber say and think as they will. That it contains fine points, there cannot be a question, but as a whole, it is common-place



MADAME DULCKEN

in materials, and defective in construction. The slow movement in A minor, "Mourn, ye maidens of Palestine," must be admitted as an exception to the opinion we have given, for it is one of the most lovely bits we know of.

We would advise singers to be more cautious in their selection of songs for concerts. The one in question was sadly out of place. In the first instance, it requires the orchestral, instead of the pianoforte, accompaniments; and in the second, it ought never to be sung out of its intended situation in the opera. Mr. Manvers sang well, and made the most of it; perhaps a little *too much*, as he took upon himself to alter several passages, especially in the last movement, whenever the word "victory" occurred. This calls to our remembrance an anecdote of poor Weber and Mr. C. Bland, who played "Oberon," in the opera of that name. At one of the last rehearsals at Covent Garden, this gentleman, instead of singing the notes the composer had written, substituted some florid *roulade* of his own. Weber stopped the band immediately, and, rising from his chair on the stage, tottered up to Bland (for he was within a few weeks of his death, and exhausted from his violent cough), and laying his hand gently on his shoulder, said—"Ah! Mr. Bland, I am so very sorry you should take so much trouble—" But the rest of the sentence was cut short by Mr. Bland, who, in a shower of compliments, interrupted him, saying, among other things, "Oh! my dear sir, how can you speak of trouble? Trouble! with such magnificent music?—Impossible!" "Stop, stop, my good Mr. Bland," Weber replied, "hear the rest of my sentence; I meant to have said, if you had let me, that I was sorry you should take so much trouble to sing what I had NOT written for you." Poor Bland never got over it, but always vowed "Oberon" was a very inferior opera (for Weber!).

Onslow's Sonata in F minor by Mdme. Dulcken and her sister, Madlle. David, followed, and was beautifully played by both ladies. The latter possesses much of the delicacy of touch of her talented instructress, but wants the force and extreme finish which characterise her playing beyond that of any other performer we ever heard. As a composition, this sonata is rather dry, but it gradually improves towards the end—the last movement being *almost* fine. Miss Sara Flower sung Beethoven's glorious, though somewhat unequal, scena "Ah Perfido" very well, but we must repeat, as our often-given opinion, that this young lady is not, as yet, in a sufficiently forward state of musical education to do justice to her really fine voice. We should like her to have two years' hard practice, with good instruction, before she again appeared in public. The grand feature of the evening was Mdme. Dulcken's performance of Weber's

immensely difficult Sonata in C (not E, as stated in the programme). Her execution of the first movement was forcible and grand in the extreme. The andante was characterised by that *distilled* style, if we may be allowed the term, which is so peculiar a feature of this player's excellence. The perpetual motion of semiquavers in the finale was wonderfully kept up. The other pieces which claim particular notice were the trio of Mendelssohn, beautiful in itself, and beautifully played, and the duet "See the Conquering Hero," by Madame Dulcken and Mr. Lucas, which seemed to give very general pleasure. Misses S. Novello and Steele added considerably, by their finished singing, to render this one of the most delightful concerts we ever heard; and we heartily wish Madame Dulcken success in the laudable undertaking of bringing before the public, in so acceptable a shape, the choice, but little known, works she gives us on these occasions.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

The revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at this home of Thalia has been crowned by the most triumphant success. Though the fat knight is not so amusing on the stage as in the closet, we must say, in justice to Strickland, that he is the best *Falstaff* we have ever yet seen. Stephen Kemble, whose obesity physically qualified him for the part, never made much of it; Bartley, and (*proh pudor!*) Mrs. Glover made excellent attempts at it, but Strickland is at home in it, and luxuriates in his unctuous style of acting, to the delight of the audience, and, apparently, his self-gratulations. Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett are a most merry pair of wives; two sweet sylphs that enchant the public as well as poor Sir John. The play is well produced and well received, which proves that the author was not

"For an age, but for all time."

PRINCESS'S.

On Wednesday evening the opera of "The Maid of Judah" was produced at this theatre for the purpose of introducing Mr. and Mrs. Wood, after their long estrangement from the metropolitan boards. Their reception was most enthusiastic. Mrs. Wood has lost somewhat of *Miss Paton's* voice, but is as brilliant otherwise as ever; and her better half is in the possession of the same volume of strong, sentimental, but unrefined voice as *quondam*. Their announcement in the bills rather amuses us. It states that these celebrated vocalists will "play for a short engagement!" What is the meaning of this?



MISS RAINFORTH AND MR. HARRISON, IN BALFE'S OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL,"—THE GIPSY'S DREAM.

DRURY-LANE.

The second act of Balfe's opera ("The Bohemian Girl") opens with an interesting incident—that of Arline, the stolen child, aided by the influence of a dream, imagining herself in the "marble halls," to which, by right, she had inheritance, but of which she as yet has no knowledge. The situation, interesting in itself, is rendered doubly so by the simple and natural acting and singing of Miss Rainforth, as

Arline, who is all that could be desired in the part. The manner in which she vocally recounts her dream is most exquisite; there is an enthusiastic ecstasy expressed at the probability of its reality, and

A hope indulg'd in, that, like summer clouds

In autumn evenings, promises good morrow.

We have already chronicled the great merit of Mr. Harrison, in Thaddeus.

MABEL MARCHMONT.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

AUTHOR OF "GODFREY MALVERN," "GIDEON GILES,"
"ROYSTON GOWER," "RURAL SKETCHES," "A DAY IN THE WOODS,"
"BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY," ETC.

THE old woman halted not until she had reached the outside of the churchyard wall, where her further progress was interrupted by a long line of gypsies, who, with their donkey-carts, dogs, horses, children, and baggage, were journeying onward to a fresh summer encampment. The old woman waited until figure after figure glided by—an almost endless succession—the children swinging and singing in the panniers, while their black-haired and olive-complexioned mothers joined in chorus, and their swarthy fathers occasionally chimed in with a blow or an oath, to hasten the lagging pace of their jaded and over-driven animals. Kettles and camp-poles rattled against each other, and on trudged women in men's coats, and children wholly buried beneath their father's garments, the buttons of huge velvet breeches knocking against their little brown ankles; some bare-headed, and others with their dark curly locks buried in large old hats—such as might once have covered aching heads—but they knew no pain but that of hunger—so onward they went, laughing and singing, untroubled by the thoughts of either rents or taxes.

That aged woman never once raised her eyes as the long train passed by, but stood motionless, gazing on the ground, while the tall stranger—partially hidden by a turning of the wall—stood with his arms folded on his breast, watching her narrowly. The last cart rolled by; then came a group of loafers on foot, and amongst these was a young woman, who, halting suddenly, pointed to the old lady, and said to an aged woman behind her, "She is here; we shall not have to call at the old Manor House now."

They exchanged a few curt terms with each other, then beckoned to a tall athletic young man, with hair dark as midnight, and a countenance bronzed by sun and wind, who sprang forward with giant strides, and in a few minutes returned, leading a white pony, on which a little boy was seated, his bare legs rough as rasps, and the soles of his feet hard as horn. Alfred and Mabel stood silent spectators of the scene.

"This is the child," said the elder gipsy, beckoning Amy's father to approach, "and there stands the old lady I had the money from. This old-fashioned silver poucette-box I snatched from her mantelpiece on the very night I took away the child. Here is one of the bills she had printed the next day, offering a reward for the trinket. I have carefully kept them both, as she would allow me nothing but an old blanket to wrap the infant in, lest it should some day or another be produced as a proof of my birth."

Half unconscious of everything around her, saving the lost box, the old woman made one desperate spring, and seized it in her trembling hands, exclaiming, "It was my mother's, and was stolen on the night I—"

"Carried off the baby from the Manor House," shouted the old gipsy in her ear. "Have you forgot how the wind blew, and the rain fell, and how I covered the infant with my old cloak, lest the horrible lightning might affect its little eyes; and how in my heart I cursed you for your cruelty, although my poverty compelled me to take your twenty pieces of gold, which you seemed to begrudge as much as if they had been drops of blood from your heart. There he sits—look at him—the bleak air of the heath, and the stark-naked sunshine that walked forth in the early summer morning, and sat upon his brow, neither disgrace nature, nor the old gipsy nurse, who washed him in the forest brook, and let him run to dry himself where the morning breezes blew—kinder companions than such stone-hearted wretches as consigned him to my care. Heaven bless him;" and the old gipsy woman kissed the sun-bronzed brow of her foster-child.

"Let me go, you old granny," exclaimed the young vagabond, striking the sides of the shaggy pony with his hard-horned heels. "I don't like you to kiss me so well as I do Zillah," and the hopeful young son of Boswell's gangstered the corner of the rough halter from the gipsy who held it, and with his bare brown legs glancing in the sunset, shot off to join the ragged cavalcade.

"A promising young heir," exclaimed Amy's father, unconsciously. "And this is the reward of ambition! Justice has decided aright."

"A strange son to present you with," said Alfred, looking at Mabel.

"A wild daisy to transplant," sighed Mabel. "Would to God this were the worst."

"Heaven bless his little heart," said his old foster-mother, moving the yellow handkerchief a little from her brow, that she might have a better view. "It is just like him. He is worthy of being the King of our race. My husband loves the lad, and taught him to smoke almost as soon as he could walk. Lord bless you, Sir, he can drink like a man; as to riding, he would gallop a sunbeam to death, if he could but once get his little legs fairly across it."

"Excellent qualities in a gamekeeper!" muttered the tall grandfather to himself; but I dread his first appearance in my wife's drawing-room. And as to school, after such an education—Poor, dear, much-injured Amy!" And he hid his face in his hand—being for once in his life, and very properly, ashamed of himself.

"I know not what his mother might feel, were she here now," said Alfred; "but after—"

"Stop!" said Mabel; "I pray you stop. She would feel like a woman—like a mother—like your wife. She would feel what only a mother can feel."

There spoke the woman; there gushed forth the utterance of a fond and pure heart—that pity, which, for its very unselfishness, is worthy of the angels themselves. Oh! how superior did Mabel at that moment look, as she stood, side by side, with her lover! How open, how sincere the expression of her countenance! No man could ever look as she then did. The very softness of our sterner sex seems like a shadow thrown upon the wall, unless mirrored in the sweet countenance of woman. When with her, the softness of his voice is no longer assumed; his smile, if the offspring of love, is sincere; his kindness ceases to be affected; for by him stands earth's only divinity, the idol which his own heart bids him worship. Imagine this world without her presence; fancy the globe untenanted by woman—motherless, wifeless, sisterless, and daughterless; what a savage desolation would then hang about our homes! what an aching void would want filling up in the heart! Love dead! beauty vanished! all household virtues extinguished! the light of life darkened! and the wide earth one savage sounding solitude! What an abode of fiends would this beautiful world then be!

Love and Friendship are two different beings: the one is of heavenly, the other of earthly origin. Love adores, worships, dies; has no existence of its own; for that is emerged into the life of the object beloved—for love cannot love itself; it is a heavenly gift, given to another—the soul leaving its old abode, and taking up its existence in a purer shrine. Friendship is warm, passionate, sincere; can sympathise with sorrow, and mingle its tears with trouble; give its smile to pleasure, and send its sigh across the grave; it is Charity with a warm heart—Pity at her own hearth—Sincerity with her slippers on, easy, and at home. Love has no utterance for its sorrow; it is Grief with a broken heart—Joy beside itself—Misery laid senseless—Hope looking into heaven—Happiness delirious with delight—or Despair, darker and more desolate than the grave. For Love it changeth not—

"But Love is Love for evermore."

And Alfred loved Mabel for her superior virtues, for there was an unassumed dignity about her which he felt belonged not to himself. Unconscious of her power, she had made him feel a man. Approach her whenever he might, she was still the same, for her self-possession was inherent. Nursed in comparative solitude, and left at an early age an orphan, she had communed much "with her own heart," while her mind had become tinged with the same solemn tone of thought which much reading had rendered almost natural to her grandfather. The Bible was her chief book, then came the older dramatists, followed by Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. She knew "Comus" by heart, and understood its fine moral beauty—alas! how very few young ladies are acquainted with that faultless production. The words that Mabel uttered aroused Alfred Etherington, and he strode up boldly to where the stranger stood, putting but one brief and husky interrogation to him, as he said, "I know you, Sir; that child you have so long sought is my son. Where is Amy?"

"Dead! dead!" muttered that miserable man. "The wide ocean was her grave. I will tell you all some other time. My whole estate is now your son's. Would that she were alive, or that I were dead!"

"I would that she were!" said Mabel Marchmont, now approaching; "but that wish can never be fulfilled. Give up the child to me. I ask but for twelve months' trial—God will assist me—and, if by that time he owneth not me as a mother, and obeyeth me not like a dutiful child, then 'will I'—but tears came to her relief. She had loved but once, and her heart was too full to finish the sentence. She would have fallen, had not Amy's father-in-law caught her in his arms, as he said "I see it all. Woman," added he, addressing the old gipsy, "bring hither the boy."

After a time the boy was brought, reluctantly enough on his part. "Will you go with me," said Mabel, having by this time recovered. "I will be kind to you,—I will love you like a mother."

"But will you love my pony," said the child. "I will not go without him. I could love you, if you loved him. You look so kind—so is he. You shall be my mother, instead of Zillah. If I may have my pony I will try to love you."

"Come then," said Mabel, "and I will love him for your sake." She held out her arms, and the child sprang towards her, and she clasped him to her bosom, exclaiming, "Oh that I were indeed thy mother!"

A short conversation took place between the old gipsy woman and Amy's father, which ended by the latter putting several gold pieces into her hand, after which she took her departure, first kissing both the pony and the boy. As for the old lady of the Manor House, she began to argue in her usual manner, and said all was for the best. "The child has had good air and good exercise," continued she; "and what if his manners are a little bit rude, his health is excellent. He might have been kept up in a confined room, nursed, and spoilt, and fondaled to death, until he had been fit for nothing. It's all for the best, depend upon it, and will prove so in the end."

"Cheat not yourself, thus, wicked old woman," exclaimed Amy's father; "the hour of reckoning is fast approaching, when these excuses will be of no avail. You have deceived me; but remember there is One you can never deceive. Your old age protects you from any vengeance of mine. As for myself, I have still my own conscience for a tormentor. The past we can never undo;—the dead is beyond our recall—but there is still the living to look to, and the future to repent in. My poor fallen victim," added he, looking in pity on the Idiot, "goes with me. All that wealth can procure to restore him, and make him happy, shall be done. And now we," said he, addressing Alfred, "will accompany you and this young lady to her grandfather's. We will see what effect time produces in altering the manners of this child, and then I will decide what is to be done with him. To your care, young lady. I shall resign him for the present, confident that I could not place him in better hands than yours and your venerable grandfather's, for he and I are not altogether strangers."

It was a beautiful picture to see the meek Mabel leading that lost child by the hand through the long green lane that led to her grandfather's cottage, while the last rays of sunset streamed through some opening in the hedge, gilding her own sweet countenance, and turning to dark gold the bronzed cheek of her little companion, while it fell in a full flood of light upon the white pony. But far more beautiful was the mind of that matchless girl, for tender thoughts beamed in her eyes; and as she looked down upon the little outcast that trudged along barefooted by her side, a painter might have taken the expression of her countenance, and drawn the Holy Mother, bending with fond and anxious looks over her God-born child. Could the pale faces of the dead look again upon those they have left behind and loved, the spirit of Amy would have hovered in the departing rays of that calm sunset, and smiled upon the kind protector of her child. There was a wild beauty about the look of that boy—something in his very gait that outstepped the drilled walk of a home-nursed child. And as he ran to and fro to gather the wild flowers, and promised Mabel that he would on the morrow pull as many as would make a bed for her tent, she felt that she had still affection to build upon, and doubted not but that time would rightly model the mind when she had once won fully the heart.

A pretty life did that wild boy lead old Abraham Marchmont and his daughter Mabel for the first three months. Sometimes he was absent for hours in the wood, for only hunger or night would drive him home; and more than once they had found him asleep in the moonlight at the foot of a tree. But when he found that his absence gave such pain to Mabel, he gradually abandoned this out-of-door life—he was, as the old women in the village said, "as wild as a March hare." By degrees he took to learning his letters, being at first, like Alfred of old, allured by the pictures, although he cared but little for them unless they were coloured, and he would often ask Mabel why the trees and the grass were not green and the sky blue; he could not understand why dark dots only were used in engravings.

And what befel poor Amy? Reader, as thou goest seaward from London think of her fate! Broken-hearted and unconscious to all around her, she sat on the deck of a vessel and was borne along down the majestic Thames, past the steep red coast of Shepperton, with its huge, barren banks, onward to where the Reculvers seem to rise out of the ocean, for a change of air was recommended by the physician, and she was hurried off to Margate even before her baby was turned a month old, for they had told her it was dead. The day was fine; she sat and watched the slow-measured and stately march of the waves, as they rose and fell, each following the foot-mark of the other as if they strode onward and onward to some far distant coast or grave—some steep dark cavern into which they rolled and were no more. She saw the sky stretch on either hand like a vast and boundless desert, and when the dim coast again lay in sight, she felt like one in a swoon. Patches of green, and red, and white, glided by her like a painted canvas that uncoiled for miles and miles, still striped with the self-same colours. She was sick and weary of life. Still onward strode the sea, here rolling in purple, there through a domain of silver, which far and wide away stretched into a sea of gold; and she saw the white sea-gulls flapping over her head like spirits, now poised in the air as if looking fixedly upon her, then sailing away as if to tell of what they had seen to their snow-breasted companions that floated over the distant and purple ether. She was ill and faint, and her attendant had left her for a few moments to procure something to allay her thirst, and while she was absent, Amy arose from her seat. She walked along the deck of the vessel, scarcely knowing where she was—one of the gangways stood open (through which two men had been emptying the ashes out of the engine-room into the sea)—and at the moment she was passing it the vessel gave a lurch, and as she put out her hand to save herself from falling, she fell head foremost, and never rose again. The deep sea closed over all her troubles. After the sun went down, a storm heaved up, and all night long the wind seemed to moan and sob over her cruel children, the waves, as if claiming back poor Amy. But the waves rolled along, and lashed, and tore at the cliffy coast, seeking more victims, until they went growling further out into the sea as if they were an hungry food!

So Amy died!—There is no stone to mark her resting-place, nothing but the Two Sisters (as the Reculvers are called), which stand shoreward, opposite to where she perished. If you try to fix your eye on the fancied spot, the waves come and go and roll upon each other, and when you look again towards the coast you find yourself far beyond it.

"Full fathom five, poor Amy lies,
Of her bones are corals made;
Those are pearls, that were her eyes,
Nothing of her that doth fade.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring her knell."

SHAKSPEARE'S "Tempest."

Reader, if you are at all fanciful, "this music will creep by you upon the waters, for it is no mortal business, nor no sound the earth owns." The sea towards Margate is haunted with it. The inhabitants say, that on a windy night, Amy walks the long pier at Herne Bay, and shrieks into the broad sea as if calling for her child, and that the waves make answer in hollow and sepulchral and pitiful moans. Thin the old sailors laugh at, and avow it is but the white spray, washing above the tottering and sea-shaken piles. Yet they confess that the long pier is an awful place to walk alone on, in "an unruly night," that to seaward, down its slimy and seaweed-strangled steps, "is a naughty place to swim in," when the waves are "rolling mountains high." The dark angel of death, they allow, seems alone to stand sentry on these gloomy steps on a stormy night. To us who knew Amy well, those old sea-kings, the white cliffs, have now a solemn look, nor could our Mabel, after her marriage with Alfred, ever gaze upon them without a shudder. If thou wouldst visit "fair Margate aright," go in winter, and hear how the winds sing to the waves all night long, as if she strived in vain to quieten her stormy children. Listen, but for a week, to the billows, which seem as if they would overleap "the pale-faced shore," which now (and not without cause) looks affrighted at the angry sea, as he comes raving with hunger from his darkest caverns, as if "seeking whom he may devour." Visit the grim old sea-king when he has awoken from his summer's sleep—when neither the bee nor the butterfly dare venture a yard from the yawning cliffs, to show their shadows on his beating bosom—over which only the death-black muscles dare then to crawl. Then hear the natural language in which the grim stormy old fellow only speaks, as if to tell you that he is awake—when he neither "seeth visions, nor dreameth dreams," then he will (unless thou art a child of the ocean), make thee acknowledge his power.

SO ENDS OUR TALE.

For it will add but little interest to it to tell how the old lady of the Manor House was found dead in her bed, her drawers broken open, and her plate and money taken away, and how narrow an escape two of her servants had from being found guilty of both robbery and murder; how Amy's father-in-law sunk into his grave, "a sadder and wiser man" before his death than he ever was in the palmy days of his ambitious villany. As to the poor Idiot, he still lives; and Mabel has taken care that "the Gates of Bethlehem" shall never close upon him. He still exists, and so do the cursed model prisons, which we hope to God the first thunderbolt launched from Heaven will bury "deeper than ever plummet sounded."

As for Mabel, although yet a young wife, she became a mother to the bold gipsy boy. That sweetness and obedience which were so natural to her she instilled into him; and never did old Abraham Marchmont seem so happy since he lost his own son as he was while instructing or wandering with that beautiful boy. When of age he will become the owner of a wealthy estate; and there is no doubt but that the gipsies will find comfortable summer encampments within the neighbourhood. As for Mabel, she is Alfred's faithful wife—

And he as rich, in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

SHAKSPEARE.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Tu cave ne minuas, tu ne majus facias id
Quod satis esse putat pater.

HOBAT.

The old adage, "let well alone," needed no modern instance to establish its convenience. Nevertheless, it has come, and with a vengeance; because we must improve that which our fathers thought good enough. They could enjoy the sports of the field without *sauve piquante*; their simple appetites did not require sweepstakes to relish the music of their double-barrels, nor such a currie powder as betting-round to give flavour to Derby or Leger. Young England, however, could neither race nor shoot, course nor cricket, without the stimulus of lucre: her sons even voted it "slow" to hunt "for love," and so they hit upon the steeple-chase, whereby they might hazard not only their money but their necks: that was something with a zest to it! Well, the taste came, and, as old Maro has it, "furor arma ministrat," with the folly, or rather the madness, came its agents; and, lo! there were "legs" in those days. Prosperous nor rapid was the course of these "legs." Some arrived at dignities, some at honours—all at good estates. Thus it was with them; but, desiring to make it better, some tried the experiment of levanting—the only sure scheme yet devised for winning without the inconvenience of risk. So it came to pass that, not being content with that which satisfied their predecessors, they brought trouble upon their race; suspicion of the whole for the default of the few, and the ring was no longer a select *circle*, but a perpetual *round* of

Taunts, jeers, reproaches, scoffing, snarling, swearing,
And nauseous terms past mentioning or bearing.

The signal for open warfare between the amateurs and the profession was the tweaking of a nose belonging to one of the latter at the last Doncaster meeting. Thereupon it was resolved by the aggrieved to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. From this resolution emanated the sharp-shooting of "*qui tam*" which so sorely frightened the souls of fearful adversaries, followed now—woe is us!—by a general charge of the *rifles*. Yes, it is too true! the lawyers are up and at them. The learned in the statutes have come to the decision that the especial one of 9th Anne, against gaming, has reference to all manner of contrivances for jeopardizing cash, as well as dice, cards and counters. They are, therefore, preparing actions against the pick of the sporting clique that may have won during the past season more than £10 at any one time on a coursing match, a cricket ditto, a walking ditto—and all other dittoes, down to sparrow shooting inclusive.

This has come of infusing more spirit into our good old ancestral system of rural sports. The fashionable world, like the student in Frankenstein, called into existence a monster (the leg) who now turns and rends them. Whatever may result from this onslaught of Beelzebub's grenadiers, there will be wigs upon the green before the fight is determined, unless, indeed, a flag of truce ends it; and, then is the right to go for nothing? The whole of our national sports are threatened with annihilation: they would effunctly all our pretty ones at "one fell swoop," and all because those who ought to have had the classics at their fingers' ends, forgot the philosophy contained in our motto. Reader, well beloved, we commend it to thy especial care and regard.

The frost having put a stop to the business of the training stables, their theories have been uncommonly active during the present week. The Derby, indeed, was the only issue in the metropolitan market; but on this some changes of mark were effected. The two leaders, the Ugly Buck and Rattan, notwithstanding a little flirting, hold their respective places at their old prices; so does Loadstone; but not so the quondam fourth favourite, Cockamaroo. As we surmised in our last, he is obviously Scott's "card"—at least for the present. He may now be considered third favourite for the Derby, with every appearance of being much higher in the odds than his present quotation, 18 to 1. The rest remain as last week. At Manchester there was an offer to back the Princess for the Oaks at 15 to 1, and also some horses for the Chester Cup, but not of a character to command observation.

STEEPLE CHASE.—On Monday afternoon a steeple chase, between Sir Arthur Chichester and Captain Bushe, of the 7th Hussars, took place near Brighton. The ground chosen was near Clayton Tunnel, over a good hunting country towards Ditchley. At starting, Sir A. Chichester's horse refused a gate, four or five times, which Captain Bushe cleared in good style. There was a large and fashionable company assembled, nearly all of whom were congregated at one spot, in order to witness the leaps at a double fence. Captain Bushe's horse took the leaps admirably, in a fly, and, although Sir A. Chichester did it without a fall, it was rather a scrambling affair. Sir Arthur distressed his horse considerably in endeavouring to get up with his opponent. Captain Bushe had a fall, but was not hurt, and he won the race by about four lengths.

The Earl of Stradbroke, who is entertaining a party of sporting noblemen and gentlemen at Henham-hall, backed himself on Thursday last, for a wager of £50, with Captain Burne, to kill and bag three brace of pheasants, flying shots, in the day, with single ball, which his lordship did with ease, killing seven birds out of twenty-seven shots, the last two being right and left. No restriction was made, whether rifle, double or single gun, and his lordship preferred the double gun he usually shoots with.

THE ROYAL STAG HOUNDS.—At eleven o'clock on Monday a field of upwards of 100 had assembled, including Lord Norbury, Messrs. Worley, Pole, Stainforth, Warde, and Vyse, and several military officers from Windsor; they met at Winkfield church, and a slight thaw having commenced, the Richmond hind was uncared (after waiting for an hour) at Brockhill, between twelve and one o'clock, going away to Hawkhurst-hill, doubling to the left to Jealous-hill, on to Weston-mill, and thence back again to Hawkhurst. The hind then made for Brick-bridge, crossing for Bray-common, swimming over the Cut, and down to Thatchen-end; thence

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—The Adams, lying in Islesborough Harbour, took fire on the 7th inst., and was burnt, from the after part as far as the mainmast, to the water's edge.

BOSTON, Jan. 1.—The Quebec, from Quebec for London, sprung a leak on the 2nd ult., and was abandoned on the 12th, with nine feet water in her hold; crew saved by the Swedes, arrived here.

SOUTH SEA FISHERY.—The Foxhound, of London, 24th June, out twenty-five months, with 1,900 barrels, in the Mozambique Channel, by the Charleston Packet, arrived at St. Helena. The Euphrates, of New Brunswick, was at Galapagos in August last, with 300 barrels of sperm oil, leaky, and with loss of seals.

THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.—Punch has been accused of hitting this clock very hard when it was down; and it certainly must be admitted that it was wholly unable to strike in return. We are happy to say that the wound has been followed by the clock being at last wound, and we now offer to take it by the hands in a spirit of friendship. We have been told that the long stagnation has been caused by the absurd scruples of the pendulum, which refused to go from side to side, lest it should be accused of inconsistency.—*Punch*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements cannot be received after Seven o'clock on Thursday evening.

THE SHRINE of NAPOLEON, or GOLDEN CHAMBER, containing the camp bed on which he died in exile, the property of Prince Lucien for which Madame TUSSAUD and SONS paid 550; the Cloak of Marengo, the magnificent Cot of the King of Rome; the original picture of Napoleon, for which he sat to Lefevre; Maria Louis, by Gerard, his masterpiece, the King of Rome from Life; Lucien, by Lethiere; the celebrated Military Carriage, purchased by Mr. Bullock, with the authority of Government, from the Prince Regent, for 2500; the Table of the Marshals, valued at 12,000; the Clothes he wore as an exile—being altogether, a matchless exhibition. Madame TUSSAUD and SONS, Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square. Admittance, one large room, 1s.; two rooms of Napoleon and Chamber of Horrors, 6d. Open from eleven o'clock in the morning till dusk; and from seven in the evening till ten.

CAN Only be Obtained at the Manufacturer's Establishment, 135, Strand, GROSSMITH'S READING SHAVING SOAP; Wash Cakes; Hair Nourisher; Tooth Powder; Hand and Lip Preserver; the highest price One Shilling, not to be equalled at any price.

STATIONERY of really good quality, at a remarkably Low Price.—Thick Satin Svo. note, 6s. 3d. per ream; good serviceable Bath Svo. note, 5s. per ream, in quantities of not less than one ream; best Satin Envelopes, 1s. per 100; Black Borders ditto, 1s. per 100; Steel Pens, from 1s. per 12 dozen; Bibles, well bound, 1s. 6d. each; ditto, large print, 3s. 6d.; Testaments, 10d. each; Prayer Books and Altars, 1s. each; ditto, large print, 3s. 6d.; Testaments, 10d. each; Prayer Books and Altars, 1s. each. Every variety of Church Service published, from 2s. 9d. each. A collection of fine Engravings, published within the last two years, at about half-price.—H. BROOKS, 87, New Bond-street, corner of Oxford-street.

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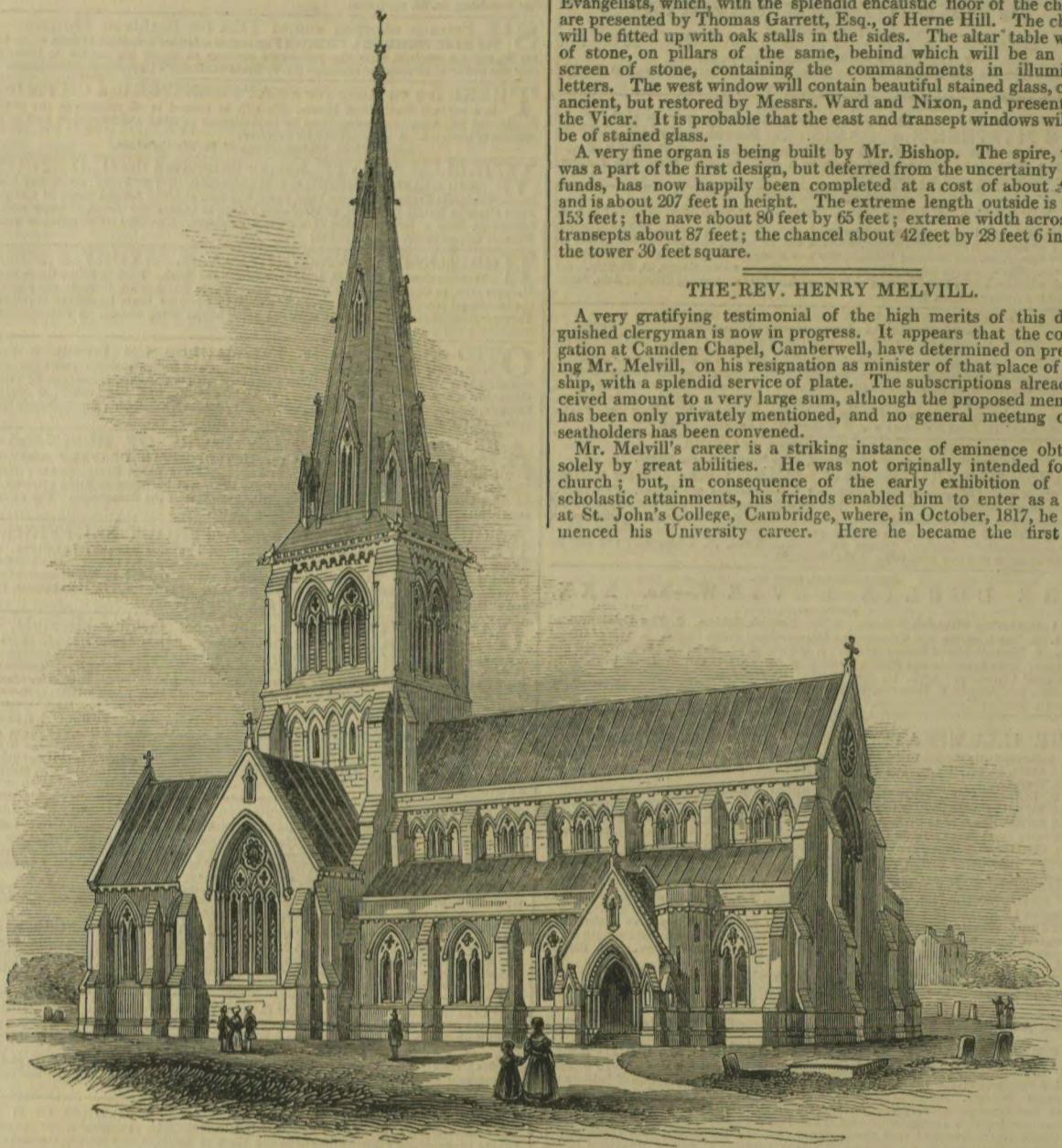
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CAMBERWELL NEW CHURCH.

CAMBERWELL CHURCH.
The old parish church having been destroyed by fire early in 1842, designs were received for the new erection by public competition, and that of Messrs. Scott and Moffatt selected. A rate for £20,000, in addition to the amount received from the insurance of the late church, was voted for the work; and the tender of Messrs. Webb, the builders, was accepted by the committee. At this time, the church was intended to accommodate 2000 persons, and an addition was to have been made to the churched to render it capable of receiving it. The church, if executed according to this design, would have been one of the most highly decorated churches of the present day—the spire, which was to have been very richly ornamented, would have been above 225 feet high, and the whole carried out in a style which modern funds rarely admit of—indeed, the architects had made it their study in preparing the voluminous working drawings to render it, so far as they could, the most perfect parish church of modern time.

Unfortunately, however, when every preliminary was completed and every thing ready for the commencement, a protest was entered against the rate by a malcontent parishioner, founded on some alleged want of technicality in taking the rates at the vestry; and the objection being in some measure confirmed by legal opinion, it was thought most prudent to appeal again to the vestry, when, to avoid needless disputes, a compromise was agreed to, reducing the rate to £12,000 and the accommodation to 15,000 persons. Though the first design was thus relinquished, the same architects were unanimously appointed; and a new design having been prepared, and the work being offered to Messrs. Webb, whose tender for the first design had received the preference, it was undertaken by them at the architect's estimate of £13,000, exclusive of the spire. The present design is in the style of the latter half of the thirteenth century, being the transition between the "Early English" and the "Decorated Style." The plan is cruciform, having a central tower and spire. This plan has been adopted, partly as the most suitable to the present site, in which a western tower would be much hidden by surrounding buildings, and partly as being the usual form in ancient times for the Mother Church of a large district containing other subordinate churches.

The reduced funds have rendered it necessary to make the details very plain and simple; but it has been the main object of the architects to obtain as much as possible of that substantial and genuine appearance in which the ancient churches, however plain, so far surpass those of the present day.

The mass of the walls is built of rubble work of Kentish rag stone, mixed with the materials from the old church; and which has the advantage of giving great thickness at a moderate expense. The exterior is faced with hammer-dressed stone from Yorkshire, with dressings of the Caen stone. The relief produced by the two descriptions of stone gives a pleasing and antique effect to the whole, and in a great measure compensates for the simplicity of the details. The buttresses and other projections are bold and massive; and throughout, solidity, reality of construction, and boldness of outline and proportion have been studied rather than highly ornamented finish.

The roof, which is of a high pitch, is covered with slab slates, which have the same general effect with lead. Though the details are in themselves simple, they have considerable variety; and the windows to the east end and to the transepts are of large size, and possess considerable ornamental character. The capitals and other features display much excellent carving, which has been executed by Mr. Cox, who was employed by the same architects for executing the principal parts of the carving to the Martyrs Memorial at Oxford. The entrance through the north porch is also rather richly ornamented, and the porch is groined with stone, the carved boss bearing the arms of the present vicar. The nave is supported on each side by five arches, resting on alternately round and octagonal pillars, with carved capitals. The tower is supported by four massive clustered columns of the hardest and most solid stonework, and the space below the tower is groined with stone. The remainder is covered with high pitched open roofs—plain in their design, but of massive construction. The doors, windows, stringcourses, corbels, pillars, &c., are all finished internally with stone. The fittings of the nave will be low open seats or pews, chiefly of oak. The pulpit will be of oak, and considerably ornamented; the panels containing paintings on porcelain slabs of Our Saviour and the Four

Evangelists, which, with the splendid encaustic floor of the chancel, are presented by Thomas Garrett, Esq., of Herne Hill. The chancel will be fitted up with oak stalls in the sides. The altar table will be of stone, on pillars of the same, behind which will be an alter-screen of stone, containing the commandments in illuminated letters. The west window will contain beautiful stained glass, chiefly ancient, but restored by Messrs. Ward and Nixon, and presented by the Vicar. It is probable that the east and transept windows will also be of stained glass.

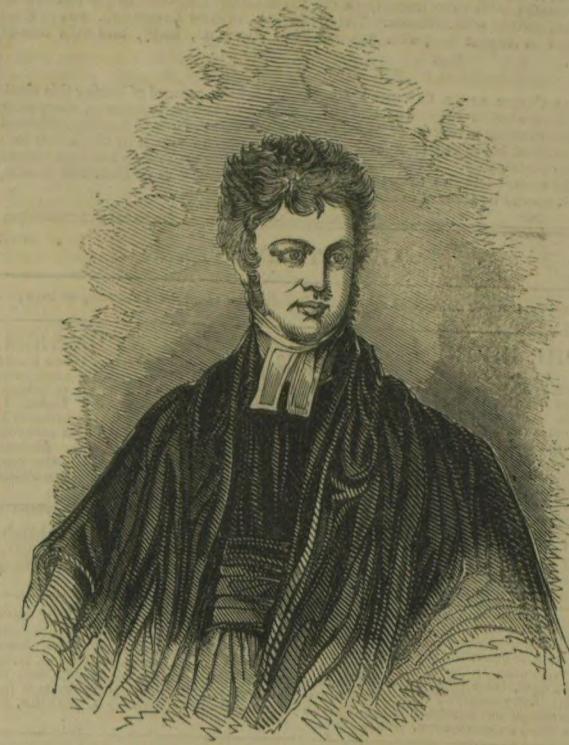
A very fine organ is being built by Mr. Bishop. The spire, which was a part of the first design, but deferred from the uncertainty of the funds, has now happily been completed at a cost of about £1400, and is about 207 feet in height. The extreme length outside is above 153 feet; the nave about 80 feet by 65 feet; extreme width across the transepts about 87 feet; the chancel about 42 feet by 28 feet 6 inches; the tower 30 feet square.

THE REV. HENRY MELVILLE.

A very gratifying testimonial of the high merits of this distinguished clergyman is now in progress. It appears that the congregation at Camden Chapel, Camberwell, have determined on presenting Mr. Melville, on his resignation as minister of that place of worship, with a splendid service of plate. The subscriptions already received amount to a very large sum, although the proposed memorial has been only privately mentioned, and no general meeting of the seatholders has been convened.

Mr. Melville's career is a striking instance of eminence obtained solely by great abilities. He was not originally intended for the church; but, in consequence of the early exhibition of great scholastic attainments, his friends enabled him to enter as a Sizer at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, in October, 1817, he commenced his University career. Here he became the first man

vill's eloquence or attainments; they are both too well known, and too well appreciated, to require any remarks from us. It is therefore only necessary to add, that they have lost nothing of their force, their beauty, or their brilliancy, and are in keeping with his exemplary life and his assiduity in his holy calling, qualities that have endeared him to all who admire learning, who love piety, and respect honourable conduct.



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. H. MELVILLE.

The retirement of this justly esteemed minister from Camden Chapel is the more to be regretted, as difficulties have been suggested as to the appointment of a successor. The vicar of Camberwell, it is said, claims the right of nomination, to which the trustees will not consent. The chapel was licensed by the Bishop to Mr. Melville, but was never consecrated. It was previously used by a congregation of Dissenters, and, in the event of a dispute respecting the appointment of a minister, might revert to them.

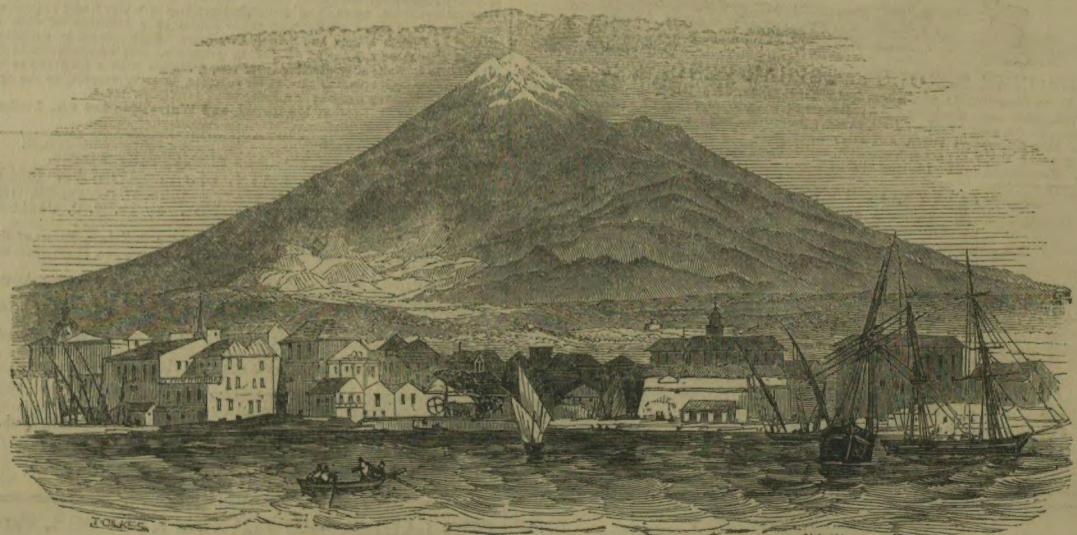
Mr. Melville has just received the appointment of the Principal of the Hon. East India Company's College at Haileybury, which has led to his secession from his attached flock at Camberwell.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

Etna has lately been in terrific eruption for three weeks; and many interesting particulars of the spectacle have been received. In a letter from Palermo, we find the following:—"A new eruption took place on the western side of Etna on the 17th of November. The crater opened near Monte Rosso, not far from the eruption of 1832."

In a subsequent letter, dated Catania, Dec. 5—"Inquiries have been instituted immediately by Government as to the cause of the unexpected and sudden explosion which, on the 25th of November, when the lava reached a pond or morass, occasioned the death of so many persons; it is, however, more than likely that nothing positive will result from it, as it is impossible as yet to approach the disastrous spot. Thus far it appears to be proved, that the glowing mass, composed of so many ingredients, falling from a not inconsiderable height into the water mentioned, spread itself, instead of being extinguished, foaming in every direction, burning to death some 30 persons, who had considered themselves protected by that sheet of water, and wounding 25 others so dangerously, that 15 of them have died since, and the remaining few give very little hopes of recovery. For the last few days the volcanoes (three were in activity) had been more quiet. On the highest cone, the eastern part, or the side wall of the crater, has fallen in, and the opening is greatly enlarged. The crater is without intermission throwing out clouds of black smoke; and on the eastern wall a small stream of lava is flowing down, partly visible only during the night, and losing itself under the snow, which lays more than three feet high. The new eruption of the 17th November is likewise not yet extinguished, but continues to send forth smoke, stones, ashes, and dross, although with less vigour than at the commencement; also from this crater continues to flow some lava; it, however, soon turns to clods, and it is no longer able to push forward the lower stream, which has not yet reached the bed of the Simeto. The third eruption, more to the north of the Mount, which commenced on the 23rd of November, in the evening, still throws out smoke and dross; but, upon the whole, the eruptions appear to be over. The top of Mount Etna is covered by a thick layer of snow, and it would be useless to try an ascent at present; several travellers, venturing upon the task, were obliged to return without attaining their object."

Etna was in eruption about a year since, and an engraving of the phenomenon will be found in our No. 37. The annexed view of the



MOUNT ETNA, FROM CATANIA HARBOUR.

mountain and the adjacent country (sketched very recently, from opposite Catania) is one of the series of illustrations of "A Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean," by Mr. J. H. Allan, just published.

Mr. Allan tells us, that a visit to the damp excavations in the lava and scoriae, that have covered the remains of ancient Catania, affords but little gratification. The principal are two theatres, and some vapour-baths under the Cathedral. The streets of this city are magnificent, being both broad, long, well paved, clean, and filled with large fine houses. From Monte Rosso, a small volcanic excretion at the foot of Etna, the lava issued, which nearly destroyed Catania in 1669. The road to the village of Nicolosi, at the foot of Etna, ascends gradually the whole way, frequently crossing beds of lava and cinders, amongst which were flourishing, with wonderful luxu-

riance, fields of corn, vineyards, the cactus indicus, and aloe, the two latter of enormous growth, their stems sometimes the size of forest-trees. A walk to that part of the harbour where the lava ran into the sea, affords an excellent view of the town and Etna; the annexed sketch is taken from this point.

NOTICE.—All communications respecting the transmission or non-arrival of the paper, must be addressed to the person who supplies the paper, or who receives the subscription.

London: Printed and published by WILLIAM LITTLE, at 198, Strand, where all communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed.—SATURDAY JANUARY 20, 1844.